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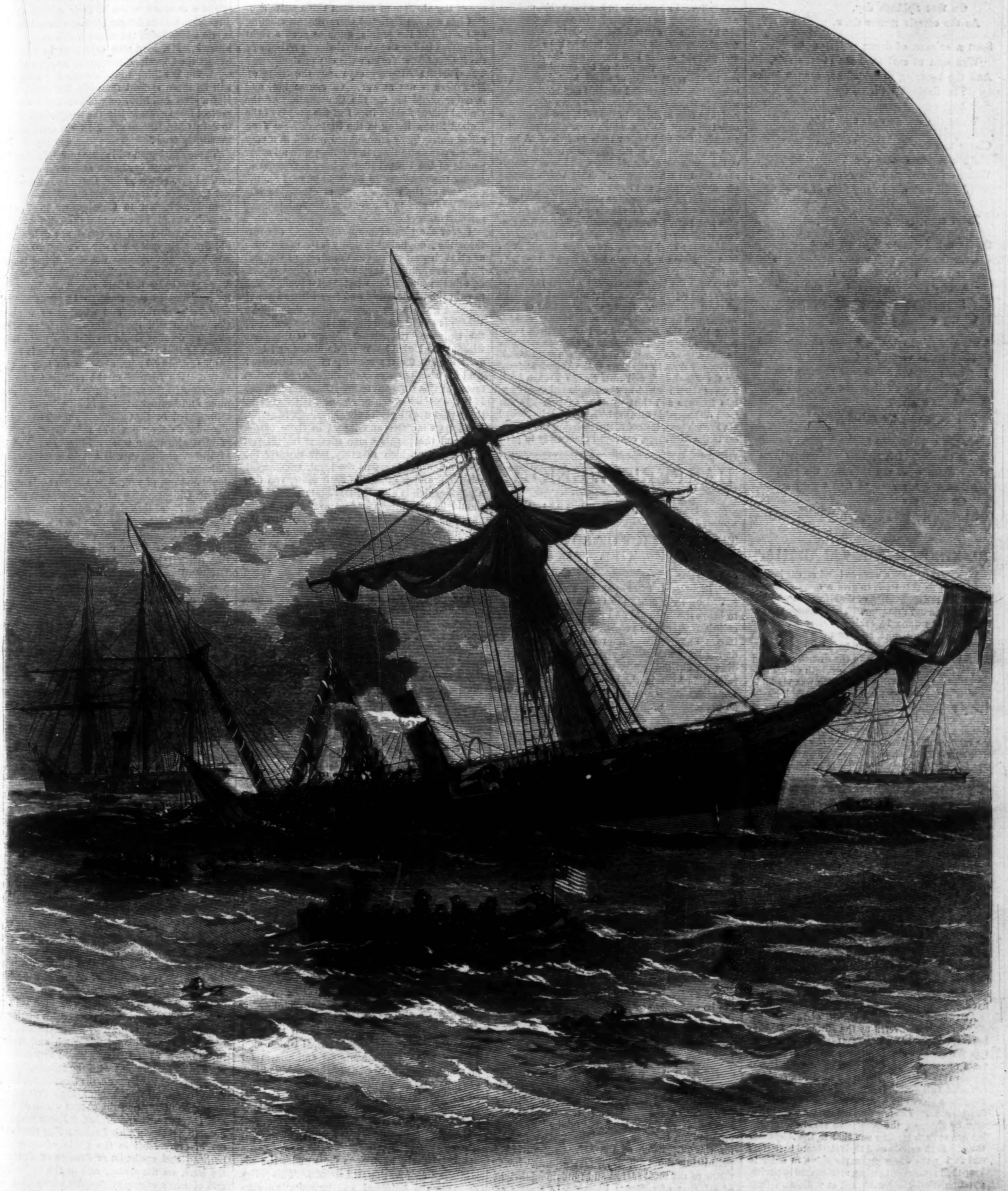


THE SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA," OFF CHERBOURG, JUNE 19, 1864.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SINKING OF THE REBEL CORSAIR.

It was the morn of a Sabbath day,
The air was calm and the sky was clear;
Blue were the waters in Cherbourg bay,
Where, in the shade of the frowning fort
Which guards the port,
Lay the rebel privateer.

Outside, clearing her decks for the fight,
Floated the Yankee ship on the seas,
When the pirate vessel hovered in sight,
Saucily flaunting her bastard rag,
The rebel flag,
Defiantly in the breeze.

Then the drums on the *Kearsarge* beat,
Calling to quarters her gallant crew;
Every man of them sprang to his feet,
Eager and anxious for the fray
On that Sabbath day,
As the corsair nearer drew.

Soon a column of dense white smoke
Was seen to curl from the pirate's side,
And the booming sound of her cannon broke
The Sabbath stillness upon the deep,
And out of sleep
Woke the echoes near and wide.

Closer together the two ships came;
An ominous silence the Yankee kept,
When on a sudden a sheet of flame,
Lurid and hot as the fires of hell,
With hissing shell,
From each open port-hole swept.

So for a little more than an hour
Over the calm, still waters flew,
Howling and screeching, the iron shower;
While ever resonant, loud and clear
Sounded each cheer
Of the valiant Yankee crew.

Then the rebel captain, beaten at last,
Headed his vessel for Cherbourg town,
But the gallant *Kearsarge*, following fast,
Lodged her shell in the pirate's hull
Without a lull
Till he hauled his colors down.

Up went a white flag to the breeze,
But scarce had it floated a moment there
When down went the ship into the seas,
Leaving her crew to find watery graves,
Or fight the waves—
So sank the bold corsair!

SINKING OF THE "ALABAMA."

Fuller details than were at hand at our last issue enable us this week to give a more extended account of the destruction of the *Alabama*, which is illustrated on our first page. The *Alabama* arrived off Cherbourg June 14, taking shelter under the guns of Fort Du Romet, and the next day Captain Semmes, understanding that he would not be allowed to remain at anchor in the French port, and that he must soon measure the strength of his vessel with that of the *Kearsarge*, which was vigilantly watching to prevent his escape seaward, impudently petitioned Captain Winslow not to depart from his post, as he intended to come out and offer battle. The chances of the conflict, estimated from the relative strength and speed of the two vessels, were nearly equally balanced. The tonnage of both was the same; they were equal in match; and as to armament, if there was any advantage it was with the *Alabama*, the latter carrying a 100-pound rifled gun, a heavy 68-pounder, and six broadside 32-pounders, while the *Kearsarge* carried one gun less, viz.: four broadside 32-pounders, two 11-inch Dahlgren, and one 28-pound rifle. The crew of the *Alabama*, as stated by her officers, consisted of about 150; that of the *Kearsarge* of about the same number. The *Deerhound*, an English yacht, having on board its owner Mr. Lancaster—a member of the Royal Yacht Club—together with his wife and family, had come out to witness the action. A French pilot-boat was near at hand for the same purpose. In order to protect the more vital parts of his vessel, Captain Winslow had suspended a double row of chains from the sides to the water's edge, covering them over with wooden planks. This proved a very valuable defense in the action: it was one, however, equally in the power of Semmes to have adopted if he had chosen.

At twenty minutes past 10 A.M. of the 19th the *Alabama* was discovered by the *Kearsarge* making her way out of the Western Pass of the harbor. Captain Winslow steamed off to the northeast to a distance of seven miles from Cherbourg until it was certain that all the manœuvres of battle could be executed outside of French jurisdiction. At ten minutes to eleven he wheeled about and steered for the *Alabama*. The few first broadsides were delivered by Semmes, the *Kearsarge* slowly returning his fire at first, sending one shot to the *Alabama's* three. Both vessels used their starboard batteries; and during the whole action the ships, in order to keep their broadsides bearing, manœuvred in circles, gyrating continually westward at a distance from each other of from five hundred to one thousand yards. The *Alabama* delivered her fire not only more rapidly than the *Kearsarge*, but frequently at random. Every shot from the *Kearsarge* told upon the rebel corsair. In less than fifteen minutes from the commencement of the action the spanker gaff of the *Alabama* was shot away, and with it dropped the rebel ensign, which was replaced by another at the mizzen mast-head. Soon her hull began to feel the well-directed blows of the *Kearsarge*, which meanwhile dealt fearful havoc among the rebel crew, knocking them down, killing and disabling them in all parts of the vessel. Semmes seeing all this, yet observed to his amazement that his most powerful shells fell harmless from the sides of the *Kearsarge*. After an hour and ten minutes, the two ships meanwhile keeping up their fire, and in their movement westward gradually nearing the shore, though still clear of French waters, the *Alabama*, perforated in its sides and between decks by the fiery rain of shells from the *Kearsarge*, began to show signs of sinking. Seven circles had been completed by the two combatants, and it was now noon: there was a lull in the conflict, and the *Alabama* with all her steam on headed for the French coast. Aware of her intention, Captain Winslow—his vessel not seriously disabled, although a dozen of the enemy's shots had taken effect on her hull, and with only three men severely wounded, none killed—by a rapid movement steamed to the inside of the *Alabama*, and delivered a broadside in her weak side, making a fresh opening for the water into the sinking vessel.

The battle was now decided. One hundred and seventy-three shots had been fired by the *Kearsarge* and perhaps double that number by the *Alabama*. Captain Semmes, the fires of his vessel being put out by the rapid influx of water, hauled down his colors, tore out the rebel insignia and hoisted them again in token of surrender. His three waist boats had been torn to shreds in the fight, and he had left only two quarter-boats, which were filled with the wounded and with boys unable to swim. A boat was sent alongside of the *Kearsarge* to give notice of the surrender of the *Alabama*, and to ask assistance for the sinking crew. This assistance was promptly granted, and how efficiently rendered may be inferred from the number picked up by the boats of the *Kearsarge*. At precisely twenty-four minutes past twelve, twenty minutes after her furnace-fires went out, the *Alabama* being on the point of making her final plunge, every man leaped overboard. Nine who had been killed were left to sink; of the twenty wounded, some were in the quarter-boats with the boys and others on board the *Kearsarge;* the rest of the crew were all afloat, and some of them drowning. Every available boat of both vessels was now employed in their rescue; and besides these the *Deerhound* and the French pilot-boat were requested to share in this humane service. In this way one hundred and nineteen were saved, seventy of them by the boats of the *Kearsarge*, forty by the *Deerhound*, and nine by the French boat. Among those rescued by the *Deerhound* were Captain Semmes and thirteen other officers. In the most dishonorable manner both the *Deerhound* and the French boat, instead of surrendering the prisoners to the *Kearsarge*, conveyed them away to port.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, July 23, 1864.

THE CONFLICT OF SOVEREIGNTIES.

The late efforts, strenuously advised by the Richmond rebel papers and exultingly hailed by their allies the Copperhead journals, to bring the National and State authorities into collision, should be pondered by every loyal citizen. The friends of the rebellion at the North do not hope to produce civil war for their allies directly, but indirectly. They do not expect to raise the people in the loyal States to help with arms the secession of the rebel section; but they do not despair of giving relief and success to the rebels by inciting even an armed stand for State Sovereignty against the National Government.

Let every man remember, then, that no "sovereignty" in a State is essential to the welfare of a citizen of the United States. All the chief attributes of sovereignty were surrendered in the Constitution for the security of the whole people, and whatever further surrender is necessary the same people will willingly make. Both State and Union exist by and for the people; and whatever the existence of the Union may require can never properly be thwarted by a State. Madison asks, in the 45th Number of the *Federalist*, "Was the precious blood of thousands spilt, and the hard-earned substance of millions lavished, not that the people of America should enjoy peace, liberty, and safety, but that the governments of the individual States, that particular municipal establishments, might enjoy a certain extent of power, and be arrayed with certain dignities and attributes of sovereignty? ......As far as the sovereignty of the States can not be reconciled to the happiness of the people, the voice of every good citizen must be, Let the former be sacrificed to the latter." And why not, since State and Union exist solely for the happiness of the people?

Now the Constitution amply provides for waging foreign war and for suppressing rebellion. But the powers are generally granted, because particular cases could not be foreseen. Yet that every necessary step whatever might be considered lawful, the Constitution expressly provides for the suspension of the *habeas corpus*—thus permitting the temporary and arbitrary overthrow of the most sacred and fundamental right of all, that of personal liberty. In a state of war, therefore, the National authority is of necessity every where supreme for the purposes of the war. If any local authority could interpose the national existence would become impossible, because, in that case, there might be as many conflicting authorities as there are States—a situation incompatible with national existence or a condition of war. To say that martial law must be declared before the National authority can intervene is a fallacy, for martial law of itself suspends all other. But the Constitution declares that the *habeas corpus* may be disregarded, in case of rebellion, when—and, of course, where—the public safety may require. That is to say, the extremest measures may be taken whenever and wherever they are necessary. It may not be necessary to declare martial law in Maine, but it may be essential to seize summarily a man in Portland. The Constitution provides for the emergency, and no loyal citizen would be more troubled by the act than by any other necessitated by war.

The Attorney for this district, in his late argument against the National sovereignty, repeats the fallacy of Governor Seymour in regard to coercing States. The National Government has no right to coerce States, was the shallow cry of the abettors of rebellion three years ago. But has not the National Government, existing by the will of the people, quite as good a right to enforce its laws against rebellious citizens as the State of New York or the city of Rochester? The District Attorney says that the State of New York is not at war. Of course not, and it never could be, for the Constitution of the United States forbids it. But the people of the United States living in the State of New York are at war. They are engaged indeed in a very serious war; and they, in common with all other people of the United States, have concurred in giving their authorities supreme powers for the purposes of the war, subject, of course, to impeachment and to the consequences of popular discontent.

Under the plea of State sovereignty to overthrow the National sovereignty is the secret hope of all such proceedings as the arrest of General Dix. Jefferson Davis has no other object, no other excuse. But what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Suppose we save the State and lose the nation? Which is our first and rightful interest and care, the Union or the State? What is the State without the Union? What do either and both exist for but for the security of our liberties? And for what purpose is the question of conflict raised at this time but to imperil those liberties? It is the device of the rebels, and is fostered by those who would gladly see the rebels triumph. Read its character and intent in those of the men and the papers which support it. If you find a paper which in every way thwarts the Government, disheartens the loyal, excuses the rebellion, and justifies the draft riots, you find a paper which is alarmed lest State sovereignty should be overthrown. And as for men, does any sane man believe that the Seymours, the Woods, and their followers, are more solicitous for the honor and dignity of New York than General Dix and his friends? "The whole doctrine of State sovereignty might be swept away to-morrow; the very remembrance that the States ever were sovereign might be wiped out, and our liberties would still be safe: for it is on our love of them, and not on our theories of the origin and nature of our Government, nor yet on the precise form of the Government itself, that our possession of them depends." Such are the words of an admirable paper in the July number of the North American *Review*, which we heartily commend to our readers.

THE POSITION OF THE "RADICAL DEMOCRACY."

In the Presidential election of 1860, in which it took part, the influence known as the Slave power legally lost the control of the government of the United States, and immediately attempted to destroy it. Since the beginning of the war and the accession of the new Administration the blows at Slavery, the source and strength of the rebellion, have naturally been incessant and vigorous. Slavery has been prohibited in the national Territories. It has been abolished in the District of Columbia. A more strenuous treaty with England for the suppression of the Slave-trade has been negotiated. The Fugitive Slave law has been repealed. Colored men have been allowed to carry the mails, and their right to give testimony in courts of law has been established. Slaves have been enrolled as free soldiers of the United States, receiving equal wages with all others. The President has emancipated by proclamation the slaves in all the rebel section. The Convention of loyal Union men have declared with the utmost enthusiasm for an amendment of the Constitution making Slavery impossible. The President hails the proposition with all his heart, having long ago declared that the Union could not endure half slave and half free, and having lately expressed the faith of his life that if any thing is wrong, it is Slavery.

These things have been done under the administration of Abraham Lincoln. This policy succeeds the universal and unhesitating subserviency to the Slave power of Fillmore's, Pierce's, and Buchanan's administrations. It has been cordially supported by the country; the last three State elections showing every where a regularly increasing majority for the policy of the Administration. It is the anchor of hope for peace and union. Yet at this moment, and in view of these facts, Mr. Fremont gravely says that Mr. Lincoln has betrayed his principles, and Mr. Wendell Phillips speaks of the President's "indecision, heartlessness, and infamous pandering to negrophobia and the Slave power." He could say nothing worse of Pierce or Buchanan, and words cease to have any meaning when they are so grossly and recklessly perverted.

That among the supporters of the Cleveland nominations there are men who honestly believe that the Administration is culpably slow in dealing with the cause of the rebellion can not be doubted. They will gladly accept Mr. Phillips as their spokesman, for whoever knows him knows what sincerity and purity of purpose are. These gentlemen would doubtless regret to serve the rebels and their cause, and yet, with Mr. Phillips, they declare that they are proud to support the Cleveland action. Will they, then, reflect a moment to see if their course at this juncture, and under the present circumstances, is one which helps the cause which they chiefly honor? Mr. Phillips says that he does not expect the Cleveland movement as such to succeed, but is willing to unite with any body who will be more radical than Mr. Lincoln. Dr. Brownson and Mr. John Cochrane invite the radical Democrats to join the party which wishes to defeat Mr. Lincoln. To what does all this inevitably tend?

These gentlemen will agree probably that Mr. Vallandigham is almost as base a sycophant of the Slave power as Mr. Lincoln. They have not forgotten Vallandigham's eager crawling from Washington to Charlestown in Virginia with James M. Mason, now the rebel emissary in London, to see if he could not extort from old John Brown some word, or hint, or shrug which should implicate the Republican leaders in the affair at Harper's Ferry. They know what Vallandigham was and is. They know that he is going to the Chicago Convention, and why he goes there, and whether or not that Convention will spew him out. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that the main inspiration of that "Democratic" assembly is negrophobia. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that "the friends" of the rebellion, who last year resisted the reinforcement of the army, and hung and burned negroes in New York, will be represented in that Convention. They know, also—or do they doubt?—that the great body of men who mean war and liberty as the hope of Union and peace will not be represented at Chicago. And do they not know—or do they doubt?—that, of necessity, Cleveland is a tender to Chicago—the mere *Deerhound* to that *Alabama*? If they doubt, we refer them to the organ of Mr. Fremont, and of Mr. John Cochrane's "Radical Democracy." That paper says: "There is so little difference between this party [the Radical Democracy] and the Democratic party that it would be easy to adopt a common ticket." The same paper cries: "Down with Lincoln! Such be our battle-cry! Let there be but two parties: let all be for or against Lincoln." Bearing this in mind, let them hear the *Atlanta Register*, a rebel journal which heartily agrees with the Fremont organ in malignant hate of the President and General Grant. Speaking of the Copperheads, it says: "If they will use the ballot-box against Mr. Lincoln while we use the cartridge-box, each side will be a helper to the other, and both co-operate in accomplishing the greatest work which this country and the continent have witnessed." Mr. Phillips and his friends know whether that work is emancipation. One of the chief New York Copperhead papers says that "it is the duty of the country to rally at the next election and put down Lincoln as well as his confederate, Jeff Davis." Mr. Phillips and his friends virtually say, "Certainly, the slave-hunter and the slave-hound." Another of the New York Copperhead journals declares that they can certainly poll more votes by uniting upon Fremont "to defeat the Administration." Do Mr. Phillips and his friends think that these papers have become Abolitionists? that they are going to support Mr. Fremont, if at all, upon a platform of negro equality?

It is in vain that Mr. Phillips repeats a resolution of the Cleveland Convention calling it the highest tide-mark of American politics. The Cleveland keynote was, "Down with Lincoln!" Chicago had already shouted it in advance. The cry of rebel rage comes hissing up from the South, "Down with Lincoln!" Vallandigham and his friends catch and prolong it—"Down with Lincoln!" Every Copperhead in the land rings with the refrain, "Down with Lincoln!" Pierce, the Seymours, Reed, the Woods, all their organs, their orators, and their resolutions join the chorus which Jefferson Davis hears and cheers, "Down with Lincoln!" "Down with Lincoln!" is the battle-cry of every rebel in the field; of every Copperhead and apologist or devotee of slavery in the land, on the stump, and at the ballot-box; and of every enemy of the American idea and system in Europe. It is *not* love of liberty; it is *not* equality before the law; it is *not* national honor, and peace, and Union through justice; it is *not* humanity and the country which inspire that cry. It is an "infamous pandering to negrophobia;" it is a craven wish for compromise; it is the abjectness of submission to rebellious slaveholders; it is lasting national disgrace, and universal civil war and anarchy; it is bloody rioting against drafts and the mad massacre of the defenseless and most unfortunate of our population which howls and roars and rages in the cry, "Down with Lincoln!" It is folly for Mr. Phillips and his friends to say that they don't mean that. It is not they who raised the cry nor who pitch it. The cry was raised and meant that long before they joined in it. Their voices merely swell the chorus. They push their skiff out upon a stream which sets fierce and resistless toward the plunge, and they can not say that they mean to go up stream and do not mean to go over.

In this perilous hour we have all a right to demand common-sense of each other. The radical Democrats talk of a union between Cleveland and Chicago. Yes—a union of the minnow and the whale—by absorption. The minnow may swell the bulk of the whale. Will the whale increase the minnow? Do these gentlemen seriously suppose that the handful of Abolitionists at Cleveland will dictate the terms of any union at Chicago? What is the party that will meet there? It is that party which, as such, has steadily denied the right of the Government to touch Slavery in any way. It is that party whose Senators and Representatives in Congress, with four exceptions only among the latter, refused to propose an emancipation Constitutional amendment to the country. There is no sign whatever in the speeches, votes, resolutions, and journals of the Chicago party but of an unswerving allegiance to Slavery. How can any man believe that the Cleveland managers sincerely expect a union at Chicago; and yet, if there be none, how can any man of sense view the Cleveland movement but as a practical diversion in favor of the enemy?

Under the circumstances in which this country is placed, even if the President were the idler, and sluggard, and blunderer which Mr. Phillips indignantly calls him, and which we as indignantly deny, there are but two results possible in the canvass—his re-election, or his defeat by a Copperhead. In this situation, therefore, while they denounce Mr. Lincoln for pandering to the Slave power, seeking in that way to deprive him of the votes of radical Union men, Mr. Phillips and his friends are doing the work of James M. Mason and of Robert Toombs.

If, indeed, they believe that Mr. Lincoln is so base a betrayer of liberty that their duty to God and man requires them to connive at the election of a Copperhead, we have no more to say. But they must not deceive themselves by supposing that they are not conniving. If they are willing, with Dr. Brownson, to see Fernando Wood or Vallandigham defeat Mr. Lincoln we are equally silent. Or if they think that Chicago intends to nominate Fremont or any one else, upon a platform of negro voting, we certainly say nothing, but we as surely deplore the total want of sagacity which such a view evinces. They undoubtedly have the right which Mr. Phillips claims of agitating to make party progress possible. But he and they are certainly responsible if they agitate so as to make party progress impossible. Do they not know that the actual alternative is the election of Mr. Lincoln and his platform, or that of the candidate and platform at Chicago? If they do—and we can not understand how they can avoid seeing it—and they still agitate so as to aid and comfort Copperheads and divide Union men, Mr. Phillips and his friends must not hope to excuse themselves by saying that they repudiate expediency, nor be surprised if from the indignant hearts and lips of the great host who seek to maintain the Union and liberty his own words come thundering back: "Heaven will not hold such guiltless of the evils unnecessarily brought on this bleeding land."

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

General Grant shows that he understands two cardinal points of all military operations, the most rapid movement and the most patient waiting. While he lies before Petersburg he keeps Lee and his army, with the population of Richmond, consuming the supplies which our raids upon Lee's communications cause to reach him with difficulty. At the same time, and by the same means, he prevents Lee from succoring Johnston or receiving aid from him, while he rests and recruits his army from the immense work of the early campaign. Grant is, in fact, besieging Richmond, and there is no reason to doubt that he says exactly what he thinks in declaring that all goes well.

Meanwhile the stupendous campaign of General Sherman triumphantly proceeds. He has yet to cross the Chattahoochee River, which is a difficult feat in the face of the enemy. But that achieved, when Johnston has him once more exactly where he wants him, Atlanta can hardly long hold out, for it is by no means so susceptible of defense as many of the points which Sherman has already occupied; and once in Atlanta, the whole railroad system of the Southwest is in his hands. There is no reason to suppose that the army which has advanced steadily for more than seventy days straight into the heart of the enemy's country, and has successfully turned or carried every advantageous point, will be baffled by any thing but its own defection or the reinforcement of the enemy. One of these alternatives is impossible, the other General Grant will make impracticable.

On the Mississippi and in the Carolinas we hold our own, wisely refraining from offensive demonstrations while the main contest is in course of decision. At sea we have just had one of the great victories, and one of the most satisfactory events of the war, in the sinking of the English pirate, the *Alabama*. The raid into Maryland is primarily doubtless a thieving movement for Lee's larder, one of a kind to which we shall be always subject through the war, and which a proper militia organization would reduce in number and destroy in effectiveness. It is indeed an indication of the purpose and tenacity of the rebellion, and every where the rebels show resolution and endurance. But every where also, and steadily, the limits of the rebellion diminish. "Oh dear!" sighs some desponding soul, "we were fighting at Harper's Ferry three years ago, and we are still fighting there! Washington and Baltimore were threatened two years ago, one year ago, and again this year! Hadn't we better give it all up, and confess that we can not do it?"

To this piteous strain there is one constant reply, "Where were we last year, and where are we now? Where were we at the battle of Bull Run three years ago, and where now? Where after Pope's campaign, and where now?" The duration of the war proves quite as much the national purpose as the rebel pluck. If it would have been foolish to relinquish our cause before we had proved our quality, it would certainly be the height of folly to do so when that quality has been established. If it were wrong to cry for quarter before we had taken Paducah, and were not sure of St. Louis, it can hardly be right when we have one hand on Atlanta and the other on Richmond. We grant the uncertainty of war. We would always impress it upon our readers. But in three years the uncertain event of war has opened the Mississippi; has carried us from the Ohio to the Chattahoochee; from the Potomac to Petersburg: has built a navy; has organized an army; has opened the eyes and strengthened the heart of the loyal mass of citizens; has stopped the rams in British ports; and has announced to all men that the United States are and intend to remain one of the great sovereign powers of the world.

THE LESSON OF THE RAID.

The general consternation at the late irruption of the rebels into Maryland was not surprising, for the approach of marauding enemies upon a peaceful neighborhood can not fail to be a distressing and desolating event. A newspaper in New York can very easily laugh at a Maryland farmer driving off his stock, but a Maryland farmer, and many of them, can not very long resist a score of thousands of veteran and reckless troops. Instead of laughing at men who in a sudden emergency consider how most surely to save themselves and their property, it is wiser to indicate how such an emergency may be avoided in future.

The mere fact of a raid is unimportant. Any company of mounted men may steal over the Potomac in the night and scour a space of twenty miles, and return unmolested, just as a dozen armed men could ride through the State of New York. But there is a very obvious method of relieving public anxiety as to the consequences of a serious advance, and that is the perfect organization of the militia. Three years has taught us that we may need at any moment a large force on this side of the Potomac prepared for action; but it has not yet persuaded us to have it ready. There is Pennsylvania, for instance, separated from Virginia and the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley merely by a narrow strip of Maryland, and when the enemy appears we hear an agonizing call from Pennsylvania to come and keep the foe back.

Now we gladly acknowledge that in this war, as in every national affair, there is no Pennsylvania and no New York. It is the lives and property of citizens of the United States which the enemy threatens and which we are summoned to defend. But the section of the country peculiarly exposed should be peculiarly prepared. If trouble menaces the city of New York the city of New York should be able to deal with it in the first instance, and await patiently the coming up of aid from Herkimer and Chautauqua. The just cause of complaint is, that neither in Maryland nor Pennsylvania does there seem to be that military preparation which is especially incumbent upon their situation. Ohio recently put forty thousand men into camp in a very few days. It was nobly done, and every State should at this juncture be able to do the same thing. Every State should be virtually under arms until this rebellion is conquered. The arm-bearing population should be enrolled and drilled every week; and then upon occasion an army of a hundred thousand men could move to any point as promptly as a New York regiment. Such a state of preparation is itself a bulwark, and the enemy which knows it heeds it and stays at home.

If Governors Curtin and Bradford will make as urgent an appeal to the citizens of Pennsylvania and Maryland to make all future raids impossible as they have lately made to repel this last foray, and will themselves spare no effort until the militia of each of those States is really a serviceable army, they will be spared the necessity of those calls for help at the last moment, which, by their terrified apprehension, increase the excitement they are designed to allay. Let no man suppose that because the enemy may retreat now they may not return; and let this year's experience do for us what last year's ought to have done. The authorities at Washington are often accused of not responding to the earnestness of the people. But popular earnestness shows itself not only in furnishing soldiers for the great armies in the field, but in that state of watchful preparation which makes the citizens of every county a home-guard hardly less efficient in its degree than those armies themselves.

When we are prepared to repel raids there will be very few raids to repel.

FROM MARIETTA.

A friend and gallant soldier in Sherman's army sends us this interesting letter:

Near Marietta, Georgia, *June 27, 1864.*

I inclose with this a few words in regard to a dear friend who was killed this morning in an unsuccessful assault on the enemy's works. It falls far short of doing justice to poor Harker's memory, who was almost an ideal soldier, so gallant, refined, and handsome was he.

I see by the numbers of *Harper* which we get here that you are not unmindful of us at the East, though of course the Army of the Potomac naturally and justly absorbs the greater amount of attention. Thus far our campaign has been fully successful, with a slight repulse to-day for the first time since we left Chattanooga, fifty-three days ago. But that will make no difference either in the feeling or courage of the army or their confidence in ultimate success. [That very evening the army moved, and the next day occupied Marietta.] It is sad to see so many poor fellows so maimed and crippled, but nothing can be more touching than their uncomplaining cheerfulness under every adversity.

I wish those people in the North who have such queer notions of the exalted character of the Southern Chivalry could see the real people of the South as they really are. I suppose that Georgia is the best of the Southern States, as we Northern men regard best; at least I have seen more churches, school-houses, and pretty villages than elsewhere in the same space in the South. But the people whom we meet almost without exception are ignorant, superstitious, bigoted, and uncouth; at least those who are left behind. The women chew, smoke, and drink. The men are all off in the war. By-and-by we shall see a new population here, and then it will be a country to which we can point with pride.

I am glad the Baltimore Convention has done its work so well. We shall all try to do ours equally well, and hope you will keep down any fire in the rear to thwart us in our operations. We feel any hostile sentiment in the North almost as quickly and as keenly as we do changes of temperature.

Fremont, I see, has gone over to the enemy—a thing which kills him and does not help them.

"We shall march prospering, not with his presence."

[The President has sent a Major-General's commission to the wife of the brave Brigadier-General Harker, who lost his life while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's works at Kenesaw Mountain. Here follows our correspondent's sketch.—Ed.]

Brigadier-General Charles G. Harker was killed in an assault on the enemy's works near Kenesaw Mountain, Georgia, on the 27th of June, 1864.

A graduate of the Military Academy at West Point in 1858, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Fifteenth Infantry early in 1861, and in November of that year was appointed Colonel of the Sixty-fifth Ohio Volunteers. On joining the Army of the Ohio (now Army of the Cumberland) he was assigned by General Buell to the command of a brigade, which position he held to the day of his death without interruption or absence. Young, ardent, enthusiastic, of an almost feminine delicacy of manner, refined in speech and sentiment, full of courage and industry, he stamped his own high character upon the brigade which he may be said to have created, and which loved him almost to idolatry. In every battle in which the army was engaged this brigade bore, under his gallant leadership, an active and honorable part. At Shiloh, Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chicamauga, Mission Ridge: in the hard and tedious East Tennessee Campaign; and then at Rocky Face, Resaca, and in all the daily skirmishes which followed, up to the hour of his heroic death, at the head of his devoted brigade, within a few feet of the enemy's breast-works, he was always the same brave, cheerful, modest, indefatigable, faithful officer, noble man and true friend. No danger ever intimidated him, no hardship ever discouraged, no disappointment ever soured him. Fairly winning his Brigadiership in his first battle, he did not receive his reward till a few days before his last. To the many friends who regretted the slow coming of what he had so amply earned, and who would sometimes express disappointment, if not a kind of disgust, at the delay, his answer was always at once a rebuke to their impatience and a cheerful assurance that he labored for the reward which comes from conscientious discharge of duty. Yet his almost boyish joy when at last his merits were acknowledged by the official action of the President and of Congress, showed that he was not insensible to the honor. Several times wounded, he never sought or asked any indulgence, and at the moment of his death was still suffering from injuries received at Resaca a month before.

In him the army loses a chivalrous soldier, the country a worthy son, and all who knew him a true friend. Mourned he will be by many, but by none more sincerely than by the little gallant surviving remnant of the noble brigade which he has so often and so skillfully led, and which will never let his memory die out of their hearts. His ringing voice they will no more hear, as often before, when he has led them to victory through the very jaws of death; but his rare powers of command, his kindliness of heart, and his soldier's death, will be the theme of many a reminiscence by the camp-fire and in the bivouac, and never without new devotion to the great cause to which he gave all that man can give.

"KEARSARGE."

Proud mountain! rear thy granite peak with its diadem of snow,
In the kindling sunbeams sparkling that round about thee glow.
A brighter lustre gilds thy brow, new honors dost thou bear;
Thy fame is borne across the seas, rings loudly through the air;
The ocean child that bears thy name brings laurels fresh and large
To twine around thy snowy brow, thou noble Mount Kearsarge!

Exulting in thy triumph, let "Great Monadnock" hear,
Let "Adams," "Webster," "Jefferson," call back the news of cheer;
And as their towering summits with joyous smiles are crowned,
Distant "Katahdin" shines afar and hears the glorious sound;
For Victory! ay, Victory! hath crowned thee on the sea,
And Yankee tars have blazoned bright the banner of the free!

In vain the English weapon, and in vain the English gold;
The ship they built, the ship they manned with the deep hate of old.
The traitor flag it floated wide, naught but a craven lie
To cover England's coward guilt and England's infamy.
But vain their might and vain their wiles, thanks to our sailors brave!
The pirate *Alabama* lies beneath the Atlantic's wave.

Boldly the sky thou facest, majestic Mount Kearsarge,
And round thy base are gathered close thy grim trees tall and large:
So standeth forth our country, and looks on God's free heaven,
And swears that ne'er again shall close the fetters which are riven;
While shouting glad, "Amen! Amen!" press round her sturdy sons,
And Echo brings an answering peal from thy namesake's thundering guns.

Look down, O mountain! on our land, though silent be thy voice,
We know that with us in our joy thou proudly dost rejoice.
Look forth upon thy forests green that toss their boughs in glee;
Be thou our witness on the land, thy god-child on the sea.
And to our children ye shall tell, in the far distant day,
How England's pet marauder sank beneath the ocean spray.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE MILITARY SITUATION.

There is no news of importance from Grant's army. In the West, however, an important movement has been made by General Sherman. Kenesaw Mountain and Marietta fell into our hands just one year after the capture of Vicksburg. At last accounts Sherman's advance was nine miles south of Marietta. The evacuation of Kenesaw was due to two things: first, the advance of our right toward the Chattahoochee, on the Sandtown Pike; and, secondly, the occupation by our army of some knobs west of the Kenesaw, by which we were enabled to enfilade the rebel position with our fire. This was the position on June 22. On the 27th the assault was made; Blair on the east side of the mountain, Dodge on the north, and Logan on the west, while the enemy's centre was attacked by Newton's and Davis's divisions, supported on the right by Geary and Butterfield, Schofield swinging around on the extreme right. Our loss was between two and three thousand men. But although the assault on the mountain failed, our movement on the right was successful, and on July 3 the enemy abandoned the mountain defense for another line on the Chattahoochee. In the pursuit of Johnston's retreating army Sherman's left kept close to the railroads. About a thousand of Cheatham's Division—the rebel rear-guard—were captured in the pursuit.

That which has chiefly excited the public during the past week is General Early's invasion of Maryland, to illustrate which we give a map on page 471. Out of the conflicting reports which have prevailed we are unable to add any thing of substantial importance to our last week's report. The enemy were met in force on the 9th at Monocacy Junction, but General Wallace, commanding the Federal troops, was compelled to fall back on Monrovia. General Tyler was taken prisoner, but afterward escaped. Since then the rebels have been engaged in raids at unexpected points, destroying railroads, cutting telegraphs, and burning private residences in the vicinity of Baltimore and Washington. Two railroad trains from Baltimore were captured, and in one of them Major-General Franklin. At last accounts Hunter had retaken Martinsburg, and was in communication with Sigel at Harper's Ferry.

The *Florida* has reappeared on our coast below Cape May, where she has captured six vessels. The Government has sent gun-boats from Hampton Roads in pursuit of her.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Major-Generals Gordon Granger and Hurlbut and Brigadier-General George H. Gordon have been ordered to report for duty to Major-General Canby.

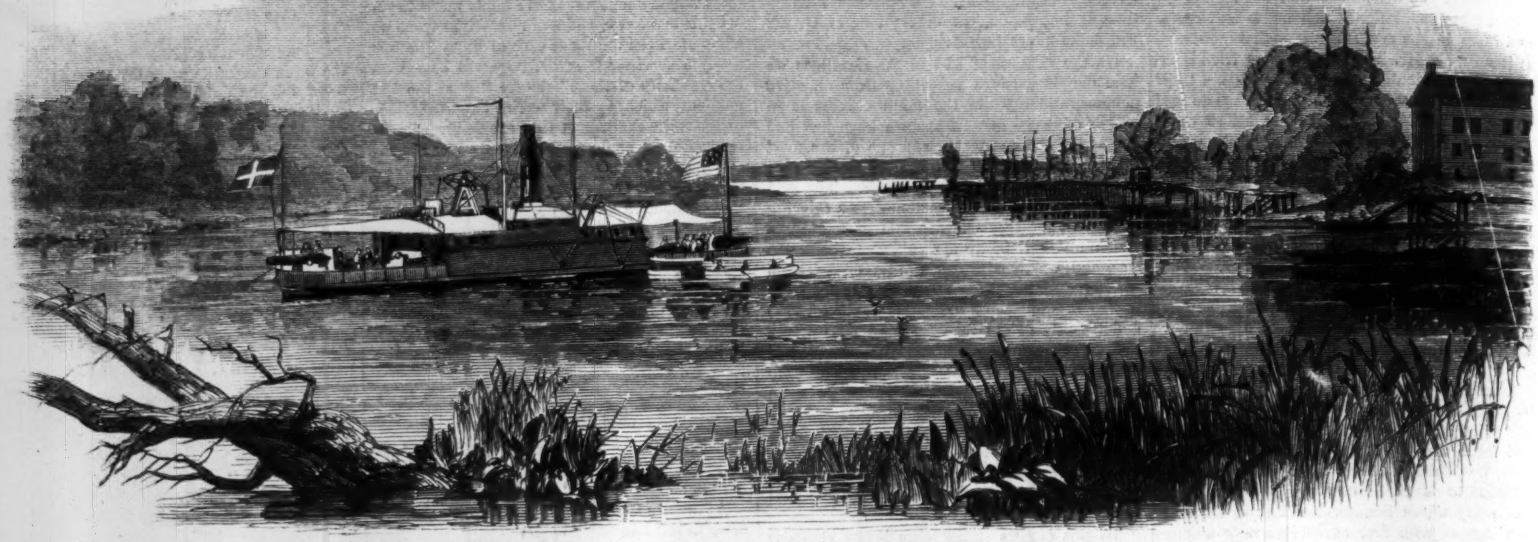
Doctor M'Cormick, Medical Director of General Butler's command, has been assigned to duty as Medical Director of the armies in the field, including the Army of the Potomac.

Major-General J. J. Reynolds, who for some time past has been in command of the defenses of New Orleans, will take the field immediately as commander of the Nineteenth Corps. Brigadier-General Sherman, who had charge of the defenses before General Reynolds, will resume his old position.

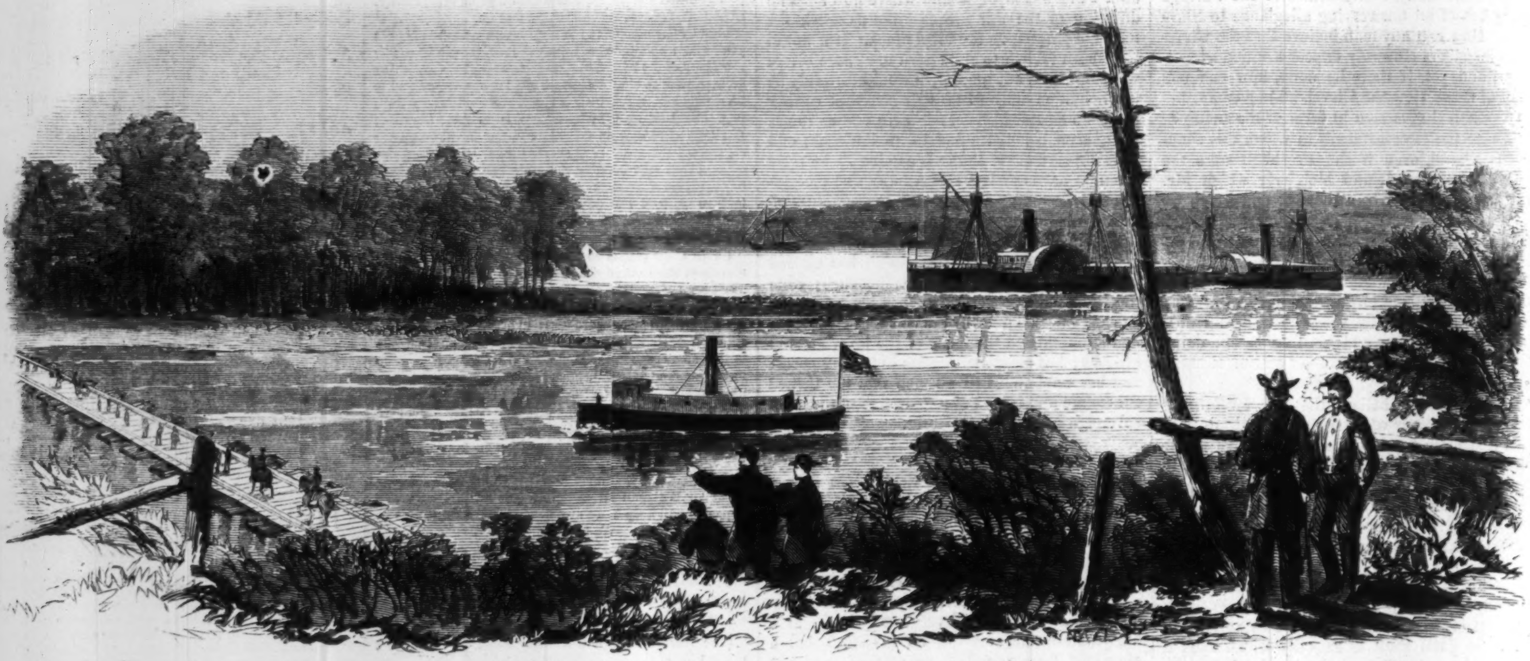
FOREIGN NEWS.

THE DANO-GERMAN WAR.

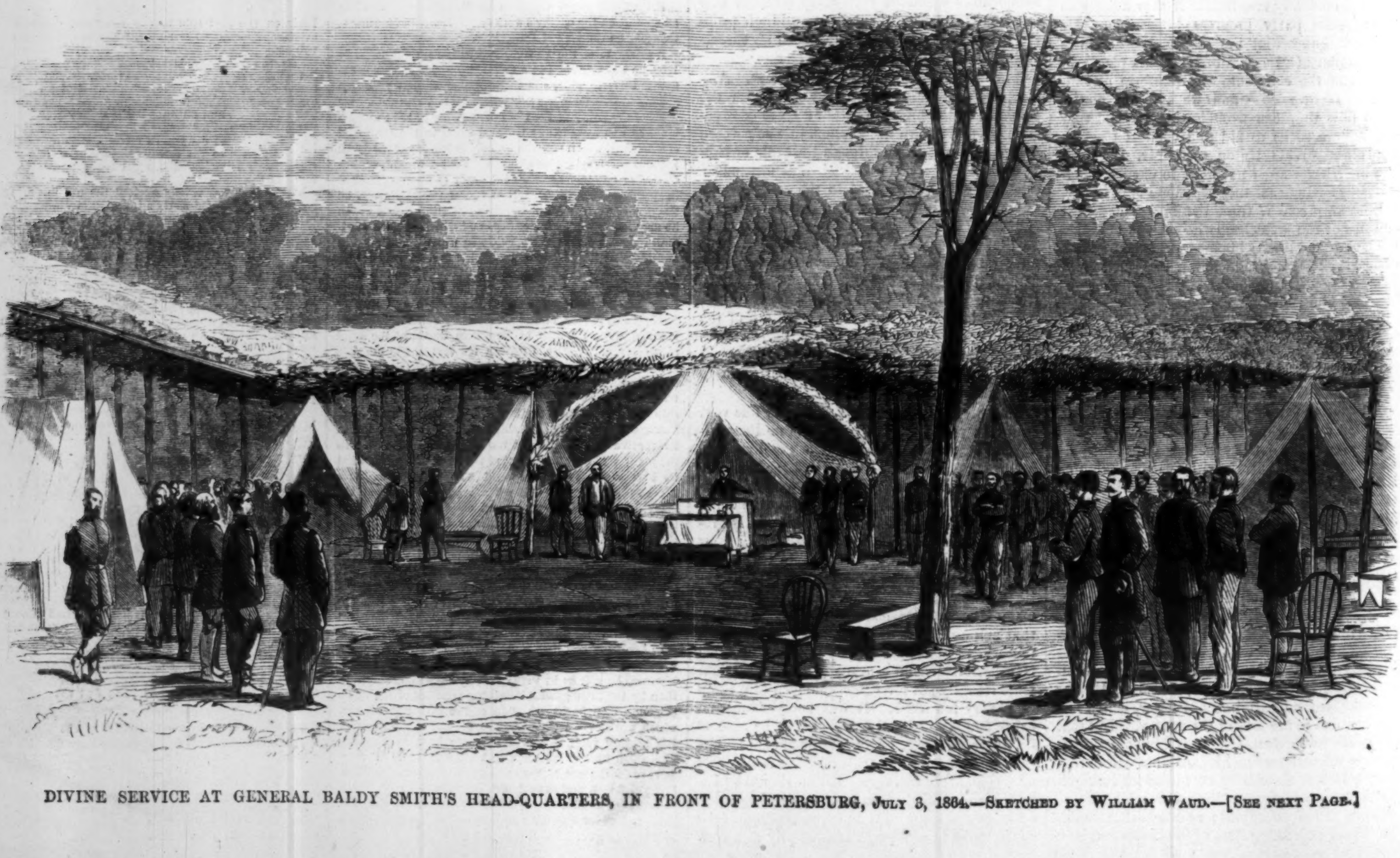
The Conference held its last sitting June 25. No result was obtained. The neutral Powers have agreed that the line of the Schlei offers a proper frontier, and that this would be a sufficient concession to Germany. Denmark consents to this, but the Germans claim both duchies. The war has recommenced, and the island of Alsen has been taken by the Prussians. A naval engagement was expected to take place soon off Heligoland.



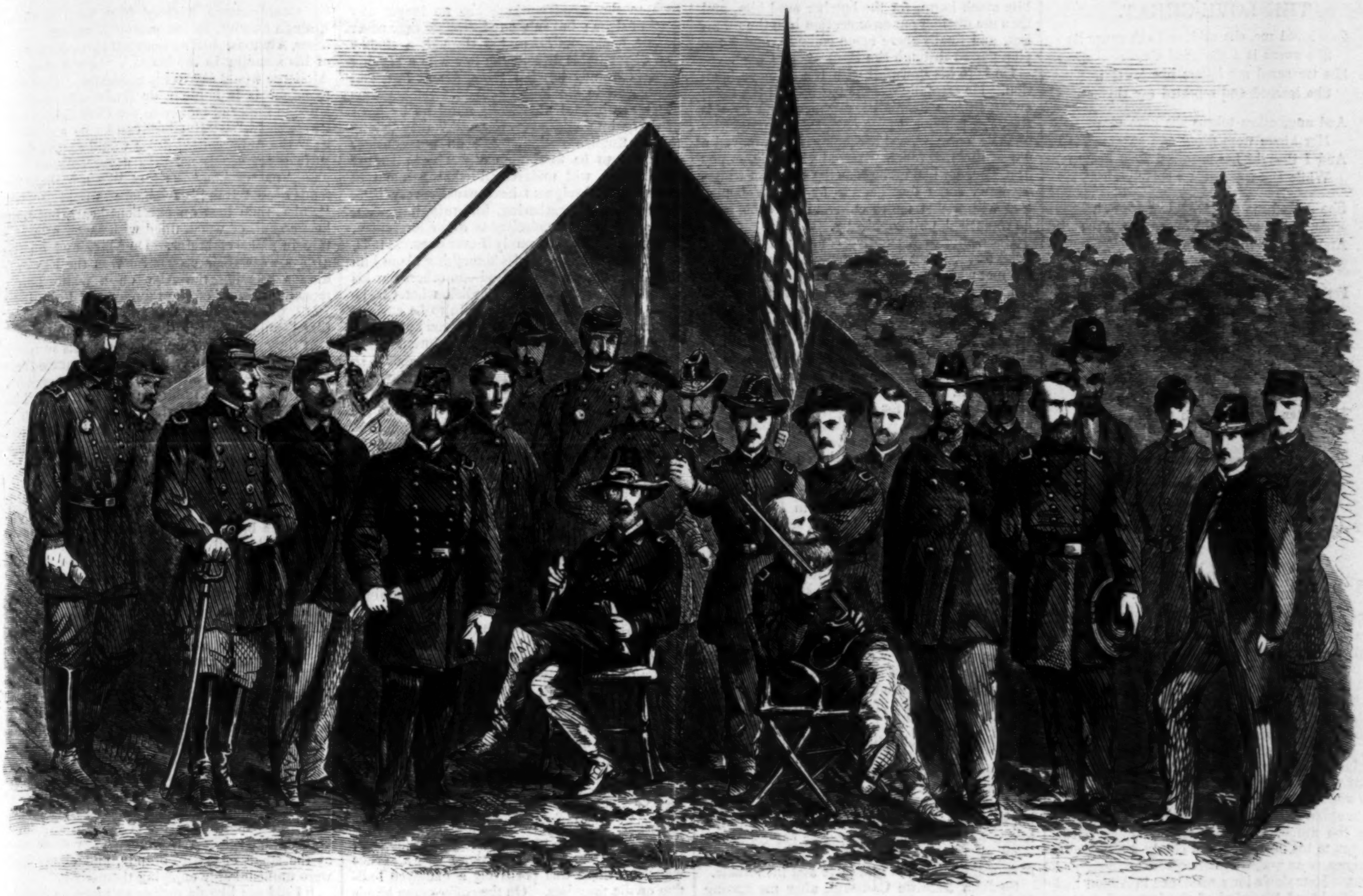
VIEW ON THE APPOMATTOX, BELOW PORT WALTHALL.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]



JONES'S NECK, FROM GENERAL FOSTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS, NEAR MALVERN HILL, ON THE JAMES.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]



DIVINE SERVICE AT GENERAL BALDY SMITH'S HEAD-QUARTERS, IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, July 3, 1864.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See next Page.]



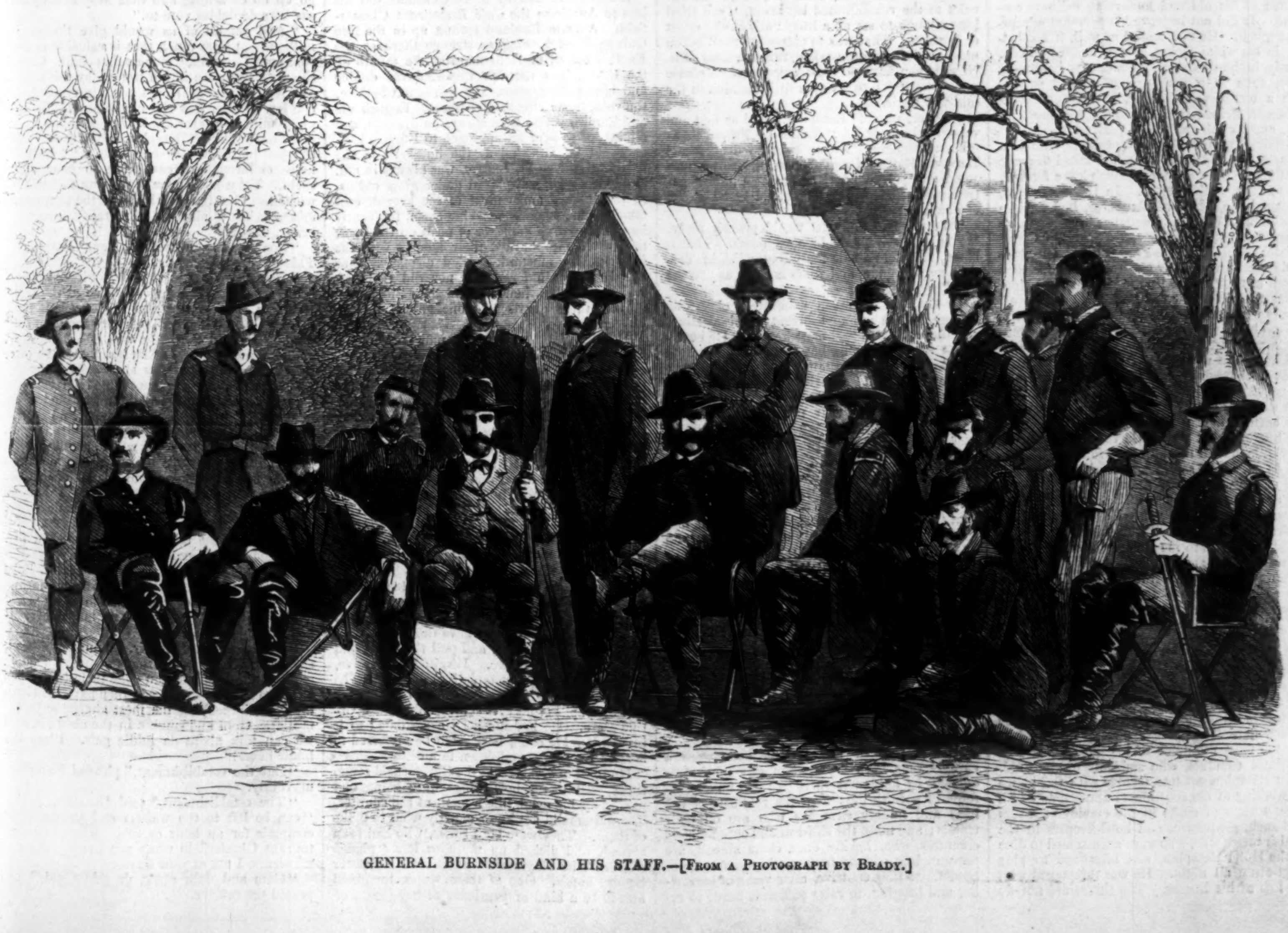
GENERAL MEADE AND HIS STAFF.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Mr. Brady, of Washington, furnishes two photographs which enable us to present our readers with the illustrations on this page, representing Generals Meade and Burnside, with their Staffs.

Several illustrations are given on pages 468, 472, and 473, which relate to Petersburg and its surroundings. The large double-page cut is a panoramic view of the country as well as of the military situation around Petersburg. The view is thus disclosed from Wietzel's Look-out and Signal Tower, at Bermuda Hundred, looking southward—including in that direction about ten miles, thus taking in Petersburg, on the extreme right. From Petersburg the Appomattox runs from right to left, emptying into the James. City Point is not included in the view; but the pontoon-bridge is disclosed by which the army communicates with Bermuda Hundred. Where Point of Rocks juts out into the river is General Butler's head-quarters. The landing is specially designated in the large cut; at the dock is the *Greyhound*, the flag-ship of that officer, and the *Sylvan Shore*. This portion of the sketch is enlarged in the cut above, entitled the Pontoon-Bridge at the Point of Rocks, on the Appomattox. Another portion of the large cut is also enlarged, giving a view of the rebel Fort Clifton, on the Appomattox, showing at the same time a Federal battery in the fore-ground. At the left of Fort Clifton, directly in front of Clifton House, the rebels have a Water-Battery; they have also sunk obstructions in the river to prevent Federal boats from ascending to Petersburg. Both the battery and the obstructions are disclosed in the cut.

A sketch on page 468 gives a view on the Appomattox at Port Walthal, which is the nearest point approached by gun-boats. The gun-boat shown in the sketch is the *Commodore Perry*, Captain A. P. Foster. This sketch is also connected with the double-page cut. A few turns of her wheel would bring the gun-boat under the guns of Fort Clifton. There are two other sketches on the same page. One of these gives a view of Jones's Neck, on the James, opposite which General Foster has an intrenched position, between Aiken's Landing and Four-Mile Creek. A pontoon bridge crosses at this point. General Foster's flank is protected by double-end gun-boats. The other sketch represents a service held at General Smith's head-quarters, July 3, attended by Generals Smith, Neil, Burnham, and Martindale.



GENERAL BURNSIDE AND HIS STAFF.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

THE LOVE-CHEAT.

SHE loved me, she said, and she swore it;
She swore it a thousand times:
She treasured my letters like jewels;
She learned and repeated my rhymes.

And numberless tokens she gave me;
Her kisses were many and sweet;
And I thought her an angel from heaven
While she was but a womanly cheat.

She robbed me of rest and of comfort,
And gave me bright hopes in return;
And now, by the fireside lonely,
Her letters I smilingly burn.

For loud are the marriage-bells pealing;
The priest, too, is blessing the bride;
And she leans on the arm of another,
Who once was my love and my pride.

Ah, well! let her live and be married:
Her letters are burnt, and I see
'Tis better be rid of such tokens,
And keep the heart healthy and free.

QUITE ALONE.

By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BEHIND THE MADELEINE.

BEHIND the church of the Madeleine, Rataplan—ex-drummer of the Imperial Guard, ex-landlord of the Hôtel Rataplan, hard by Leicester Square, London—kept a tavern for the accommodation of English visitors to the only city in the world worth living in.

Rataplan was old, his eye was glassy, his hand tremulous, his voice husky, and his frame feeble, but he was as fat as ever. His adiposity was pendulous and flabby now, not firm and juicy, but it was fat, nevertheless, and, at his age, that was something to be thankful for.

Rataplan had given up cooking. It fatigued him too much, he said. It was much if the visitors to his hostelry could obtain a biftek aux pommes, or an underdone slice from an ill-roasted joint. Rataplan's long residence in Albion had not disabused his mind of the impression that all English people liked their meat very nearly raw; and whenever an English groom (say) or a workman employed at some factory in Paris ordered a beef-steak to be cooked in the English fashion, Rataplan would answer, "I know, ver well red, n'est-ce-pas? Well bleeding, bien saignant, hein?"

Nor had the good man's protracted sojourn in the perfidious country enabled him to attain any thing approaching a copious, or even fluent, acquaintance with its language. A stock of idiomatic expressions he had indeed laid up, which would have seemed to argue some familiarity with our vernacular, but he still, to all intents and purposes, spoke English execrably.

He wore the attire of a petty bourgeois now, in lieu of his old and unvarying culinary costume. It did not improve his personal appearance much. He had looked as well, if not better, in his white jacket, apron, and night-cap, cloudy in hue as those habiliments habitually were, than in a shabby snuff-colored surtout with a cotton velvet collar, a dingy nankeen waistcoat, striped trowsers much too short for him, and a cloth cap with a peak to it.

Affairs had not gone prosperously with him at the Hôtel Rataplan. He had failed to make any thing like a competency, much less a fortune, out of that establishment. In the first place, Mademoiselle Adèle, his daughter, had made a mésalliance: having, in defiance of her father's commands, not only encouraged the addresses of a dissolute fiddler at the French Plays, but absolutely got up very early one morning and allied herself in marriage to that objectionable person. It was a terrible blow for Rataplan. "Encore," he was wont to say, "if they had gone to the Bavarian chapel in Warwick Street! But Mademoiselle must needs immolate herself at a church of I know not what sect of the Anglican dissidence in the Soho. She had abjured, forsooth, the errors of the Romish communion! Wicked men with white neckcloths and little paper books had been, it appears, pursuing her for months. She became what you call a convert. She was the victim of their machinations sourdes. Parlez-moi de ça. You sacrifice yourself like the pelican of the wilderness. You tear out your entrails to nourish a viper, and behold, the viper turns round and stings you! Encore, had it been in France, my daughter would have been compelled to address to me three solemn citations—trois sommations respectueuses—before she could have dared to commit the fatal act. But she has accomplished her act of disobedience and folly, and now this vagabond of a fiddler beats my Adèle. Ma parole d'honneur, c'est à faire blanchir les cheveux. It is enough to make one's hair turn white."

It would have taken an extreme degree of agony to turn Papa Rataplan's hair white. He had none to turn; he was quite bald.

Then la Mère Thomas died, and Rataplan had to bury her. Then his customers fell off, and he lost the most profitable of his guests, the hot-tempered countess, who suddenly disappeared. Then Rataplan got into trouble with the police for winking at the contraband amusements of a select society of cooks in the employ of divers noblemen, gentlemen, and hotel-keepers in the British metropolis, who were accustomed to dine at the Hôtel Rataplan, and afterward to play vingt-et-un all night. He was threatened with the loss of his license. The threat did not do him much harm, for the butcher sued him, and then the distiller put an execution into the premises, and finally there came collapse, and Rataplan passed through the Bankruptcy Court.

He bore his downfall with becoming resignation. He carefully returned as bad all the debts owing to him by his countrymen, and by this stroke of policy not only obviated the possibility of their being pressed for payment, but moved a few of them, through personal gratitude, to pay him, after he had undergone the ordeal of white-washing, some few pounds by way of bonus. "It will enable me to cultivate my cabbages," he remarked, philosophically.

Returning to his native country, a gleam of good fortune shot unexpectedly across his path. He met with a person whom he had not seen for ten years. This person was Jean Baptiste Constant, ex-body-servant to Francis Blunt, Esquire, who had always been of an active and pushing turn of mind, and had gone into business at Chaillot as a manufacturer of paper-hangings, and was doing, according to his own account, pretty well. He was anxious to realize a fortune, he said; not for himself, but he had some one to leave it to. But where was that some one? To his misery and despair he could not tell. What had become of the countess and of her child? They had disappeared, no one could say which way. He kept up a correspondence with friends in half the towns in Europe, but had never been able to obtain a scintilla of information relating to Lily or her mother. The countess seemed to have vanished from the stage, or rather from the ring. In the chronicles of the saw-dust she was no longer known, even by her horse-riding name.

Jean Baptiste Constant commiserated the decayed state of his old friend Rataplan. The bankrupt hotel-keeper said he had had, by this time, quite enough of England, and that he only desired to re-enter London once more, if it were possible, at the head of an invading army of his countrymen. "How I would sack Laycesterre Squarr, and give up the 'Aymarket to the pillage!" he was wont to murmur between his set teeth, grinding them meanwhile. "Yes; and that street most infamous, of the Basinghall. Ah! not one of the functionaries of that tribunal so proud, from the insolent president to the lowest huissier, but should passer par les armes—all, all, be put to the sword." The vindictiveness of Rataplan was insatiable and inexorable.

So Jean Baptiste Constant, after meditating for a time as to how the old man's knowledge of a country he professed to detest so much could best be utilized, determined to set him up in business again in a little twentieth-rate café, then for sale, just behind the church of the Madeleine. The street was new; the Rouen and Havre Railway, the erection of whose terminus in the Rue d'Amsterdam has so revolutionized this part of Paris, was not yet dreamed of; the rent was very low, and the coming in very reasonable. Rataplan was once more gratified by becoming a landlord. In the evening of life it was again his privilege to cook and to command. Still were the conditions imposed upon him by his friend, patron, and benefactor, Jean Baptiste, not devoid of a certain degree of severity. "Rataplan, mon bon," said the ex-valet to the rehabilitated bankrupt, "you tried long enough to set up a little Paris in the midst of London. That was to please yourself. You made, unless I am mistaken, rather a mess of it. Now, if you have no objection, you shall please *me*. I want you to set up a little London in the midst of Paris."

"Never, never!" Rataplan would at first and vehemently protest. "Jamais en France l'Anglais ne règnera. No, no, a hundred times no! Between Rataplan and Albion, the thrice perjured and perfidious, there yawns a gulf of hatred and scorn, which blood, and blood alone, can cumulate."

"Very well," the valet would gravely reply. "You shall sell bifteks bien saignants. That is blood, is it not? One must accomplish his destiny, my Rataplan, and yours is to do as you are told."

In the end Rataplan submitted, cheerfully enough, to the accomplishment of his destiny, and did as he was told most loyally. He entered, at first grumbling, but at last smiling, into the plans of J. B. Constant. They were worthy of that astute and experienced operator. The dingy little Café-Estaminet Pharamond in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, that miserable den where you could procure nothing but tough flaps of beef, fried potatoes, burnt bean and chickory coffee, corrosive absinthe, questionable cognac, lettuce-leaf cigars, boxes of rickety dominoes, and greasy packs of cards, suddenly started into a fresh phase of existence as the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. At first, J. B. Constant had thought of christening his establishment "Le Clarendon," "Le Mivart," "Le Cavendish," or "Le Mansion House;" but, on reflection, he admitted that there were difficulties in the way of the proper pronunciation by foreign lips of nearly all those names. But every Frenchman has heard of Milor Chesterfield, and among the natives the Café Restaurant Chesterfield soon attained considerable notoriety; while to the especial class of sojourners in Paris whom Constant hoped to secure as patrons, the word Chesterfield had not only an English but a sporting sound, and consequently soon became very popular.

The patrons he had pitched upon were a curious race. In every great city much frequented by foreigners there are two under-currents of a town life: first, the retainers of the high and mighty strangers who are on their travels; and next, the shiftless and out-of-elbows creatures, who, having once come abroad, are prevented by poverty from getting home again. Sometimes they contrive, after years of borrowing and begging, to raise sufficient funds to return to the country which has no longer any need of them; but in many instances they never do get home, and, shuffling through a shabby and disreputable life on the few wits a craving for bad brandy has left them, die at last, and are buried in the Potter's Field. Such people every continental metropolis numbers by hundreds or by thousands. Generally they belong to the English nation. We do not consider ourselves to be foreigners any where; so my countrymen will understand what I mean in saying that foreigners have usually very little difficulty in foregathering, intermingling with, and assimilating themselves to other foreigners. This the Englishman rarely if ever does. He is, to the end, insular, carries something about him that is purely, peculiarly, and—to others but his compatriots—repulsively, English wherever he goes, and leaves at last his coffin to be covered with a phantom Union Jack. Do you know Jack Moseley—they say the "ley" is an interpolation between where an "e" is, and an "s" should be in his name—the tall, handsome Israelite, whom his friends call the Wandering Jew, and who has been traveling and trading in diamonds from the Minories to the Straits of Malacca any time these twenty years? Well, Jack told me he was coming the other day, from the Warhoe diggings in California, overland to Florence in the State of Missouri. It was somewhere in the Rocky Mountains, I think. It was at night, and he was huddled up in a stage-coach, asleep, and dreaming of bears, wolves, and wild Indians. Suddenly the coach broke down, but fortunately close to a little tavern. Jack Moseley rubbed his eyes, and thought he was still dreaming, when, alighting, he found himself in front of the precise model of an English wayside inn. There was the bench; there was the horse-trough in front; there were the red and white blinds to the windows; there was the bar, with its big cheese in full cut, its pork pies, its row of gayly-painted kegs of cordials, and its well-polished beer-engine. There was the little parlor, with its neatly-sanded floor, its triangular spittoons, its rack of churchwarden pipes, and its colored prints of fights for the championship, racing cracks, and Sir Tatton Sykes in top-boots, affably conversing with his trainer, who was bald-headed, white-cravated, and respectful, in drab gaiters. There was a grinning hostler; there was a stout pot-boy; there was a spruce waitress; there was positively a one-eyed bull-dog on the premises. On the coffee-room blinds there flourished the approved golden legends as to chops and steaks that were always ready, dinners that were to be dressed, neat wines and soda-water; but, wonder of wonders! what do you think the sign was? Not the "George Washington," not "The Jefferson," not the "Bold Digger," not the "Big Nugget," not the "Lucky Placer," but "The Osbaldistone Arms." The landlord was an American born, but his grandfather had been a groom in the Osbaldistone family in England. He subscribed to *Bell's Life* and the local Yorkshire papers regularly, and his little house looked as though some magician had suddenly caught it up from the English north country and dropped it down in the middle of the Rocky Mountains.

Rataplan, incited by J. B. Constant, did his best to Anglicize the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. A little England sprang up in the Rue Cuit-au-Four, looking as strange there as the English colony of Heligoland at the mouth of the Elbe. The partners imported the double and biting Gloucester, the luscious Cheshire, the voluptuous cheese of Stilton. English ale and English porter were always on draught, and a joint, of as near an approach to English beef as could be procured at the butcher's in the neighboring Rue St. Lazare, was always in cut. Sandwiches were displayed under glass covers, to the intense amazement of the French customers, who, sometimes trying them, frequently managed to drop the layer of meat on the floor, and, when they burned their mouths with the fiery English mustard, howled dismally. Nor was English gin forgotten; nor did the craft which Rataplan had learned in London, of making three quarts into one gallon, forsake him now.

M. Jean Baptiste Constant moved about the establishment of which Rataplan was the manager and the nominal landlord, but in which the wary ex-body servant of Mr. Francis Blunt had taken care to secure a proprietorial interest in his usual discreet and demure, not to say stealthy, manner. Every knife, fork, and napkin in the place was his; yet you would not have thought, to look at him, that he would have ventured to take a spoonful of salt without permission. He rarely interfered with Rataplan's arrangements. He allowed him undivided control in the kitchen. He permitted him to scold his two waiters, and to overcharge the guests as much as ever he liked. He allowed him a fair share in the profits, which had, in a short space of time, grown to be considerable: but he was nevertheless lord paramount and absolute over the Café Restaurant Chesterfield. He liked to sway this secret power, to have this occult veto, to be behind the scenes, and pull the wires, and make the puppets dance. It suited his pensive, bilious, cat-like, contemplative nature. The sunshine was too strong for him. He blinked, and the pupils of his eyes contracted in the noon-tide glare. He had not been accustomed to it in youth. He could bask; but he preferred to bask in the shade, and down in a cellar.

He liked to breakfast at the Chesterfield sometimes, just to see how things were going on: paying for his meal, like a man, at the counter. The waiters did not know exactly what to make of them. They were both Swiss, who had been abroad, and picked up more or less "pigeon English" in Haymarket cafés and Leicester Square hotels. One of them, Jules, imagined him to be a kind of pensioner or hanger-on of the establishment, boarded from time to time, through charity, by the patron Rataplan. The other, Alphonse, had a somewhat shrewder notion of his standing in the house. "I will wager," Alphonse would say to his intimates, "that this monsieur is le bailleur de fonds—the capitalist—the finder of money to the Café Restaurant Chesterfield."—"But how can he be a capitalist?" the duller-witted Jules would expostulate. "He never scolds us. He never calls us 'nigaud,' or 'cochon.' Is that like a bailleur de fonds?" — "Bah!" Alphonse would retort. "Jules, thou hast an excellent heart, but thou hast a skull of wood, filled with sauce a la tartare in place of brains. Do kings and queens always wear their crowns? Was the Emperor always crossing the Alps on a white horse, mocking himself of the thunder and lightning? I tell, thee, ganache, that still waters run deep, that l'eau qui dort is the most dangerous, and that the great art of capitalists consists in never appearing to have any money. My uncle from Basle was a capitalist. In the commerce of grains he acquired millions; yet to look at him thou wouldst not have thought that he had possessed two red liards to rub one against another. What, yet another game at dominoes? Come, then, phenomenon of temerity, and I will play thee for the third chopine."

On a particular morning which it is desirable to fix in the reader's mind, Jean Baptiste Constant was breakfasting at the Café Restaurant Chesterfield, and he had company. Three sat down to breakfast with him. He had first invited the patron Rataplan to be a partaker of the meal, and the third guest was a florid, well-looking gentleman enough, with very large black whiskers, now slightly inclining to gray, and who was very gorgeously attired in a frogged and braided surtout, and a cap with a tassel of gold bullion. This gentleman spoke most European languages with equal fluency, and with equal incorrectness. He was a traveling courier by profession, and his name was Franz Stimm.

The three men had evidently taken a copious meal of oysters, omelet, and cold roast beef, washed down by English bottled stout (few foreigners who have visited England, be it for ever so short a time, surmount the predilection they acquire for the brown beer of Albion) and some of Rataplan's best red wine. They were now at the stage of coffee, brandy, and cigars, and were unmistakably enjoying themselves.

"I did not like de goffees zo much as de joggolates," Mr. Stimm observed, between whiffs of his very powerful cigar; "de joggolates is più graziosos, and besser vor the stomjacks; but de zigares is not goot mit de joggolates nor de gocos, and de goffees tastes him besser."

"You are always talking of your stomach, friend Stimm," Constant observed. "I wish you would talk to me about that little girl you met, ever so many years ago, on board the Boulogne steamer, when you were traveling with your general."

"Vat vor it is goot to talk about de liddle gals?" replied Franz Stimm, with a sigh. "We shall not none of us never see her again. She goms like de shadow of a liddle vairy, and, pouf! she go away like dis ring of dobbacco-smoke dat go up do de zeiling and vade avay nobody can say vere de debbel vere to."

"And yet all of us would give thousands, millions—at least much that is valuable to us," continued Constant, "to meet that child. Child! she must be grown into a woman by this time."

"And a peautiful ones too," interposed the courier. "She was the angelikest liddle zylphide mine eyes ever did light itself upon."

"For the child," Rataplan said, "that!" He snapped his fingers as he spoke. "I have no more children, and care little to hear about them. Yet would I give something to find that woman. The tigress! the fury! the abandoned creature, lost to all sense of morality, honor, decency, virtue!"

"She owes you money, Papa Rataplan." This was from Constant.

"Twenty sovereigns sterling. She never paid her bill the last time she descended at the Hôtel Rataplan. It is a flagrant injustice. It is an infamy. She defrauded, swindled me out of my dues. She had the finest vins of Champagne, and of the little wines of Burgundy. She owes me even for the cigarettes she smoked, the depraved and epicurean bacchante! Her flight without discharging my addition was the last act of perfidy to which, in a perfidious and shameless land, the miserable Rataplan had to submit. But I will be avenged. I will demand justice. Yet shall the tribunals be seized of the details of this most tenebrous and scandalous affair. I desire to re-enter into my funds. I demand the provisional arrestation, the prise de corps, against this woman sans foi ni loi." And Rataplan struck the table with his clenched fist, and filled himself another petit verre.

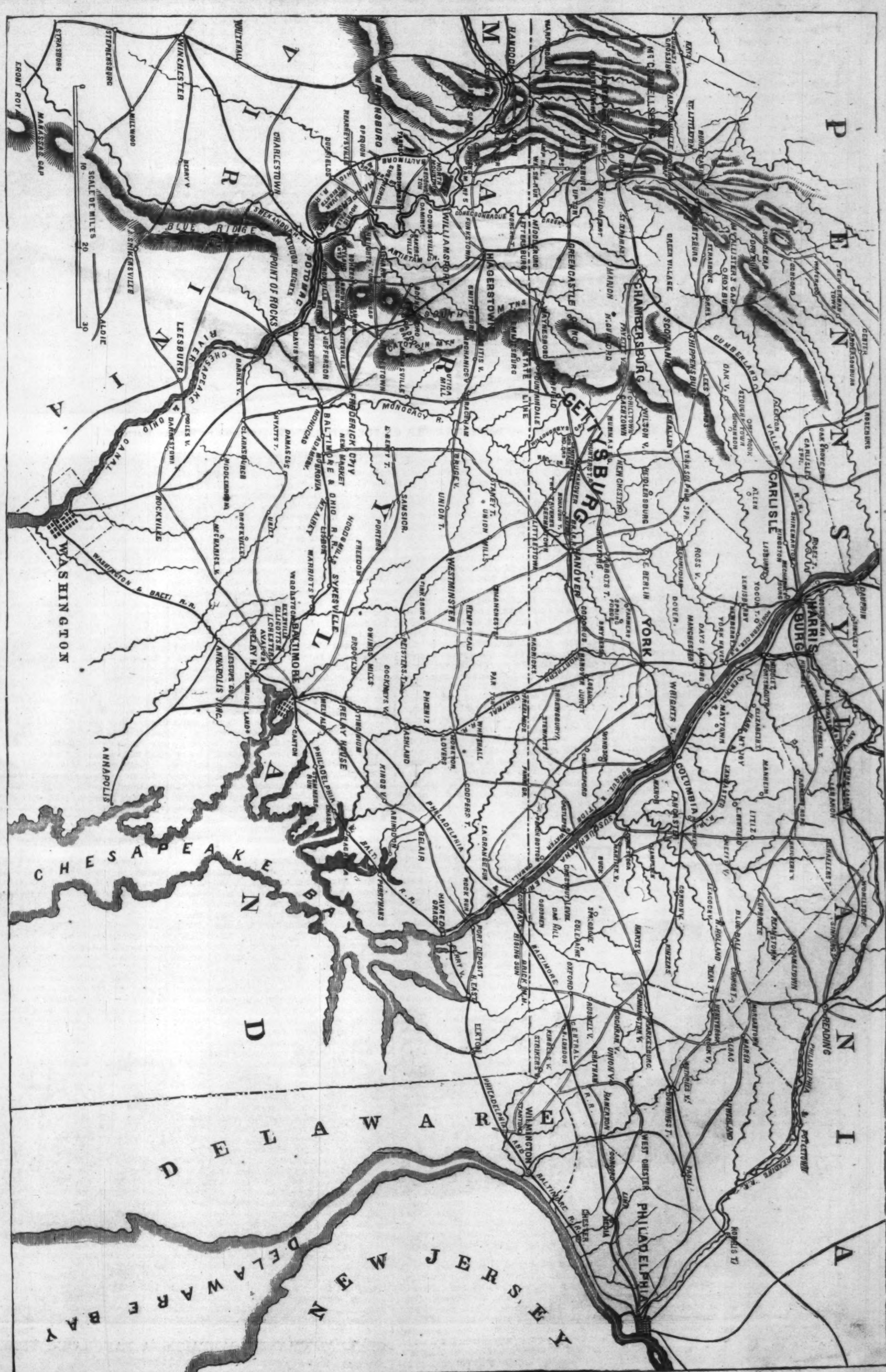
"You are taking la goutte too early, Papa Rataplan," Constant said, discreetly withdrawing the decanter of cognac from the excited landlord's reach. "Suppose we finish these libations and take a walk."

"Vid all my hearts," Mr. Stimm acquiesced, rising. "My heads is strongs enough for much more gouttes, but we gan dake them in de open airs, and Franz Stimms can then have the bleasure of reciprocifying dis most gharming hospitalities. Gom and smokes in the oben air, and we can talk about de liddle gals. Blezz her liddle heart!"

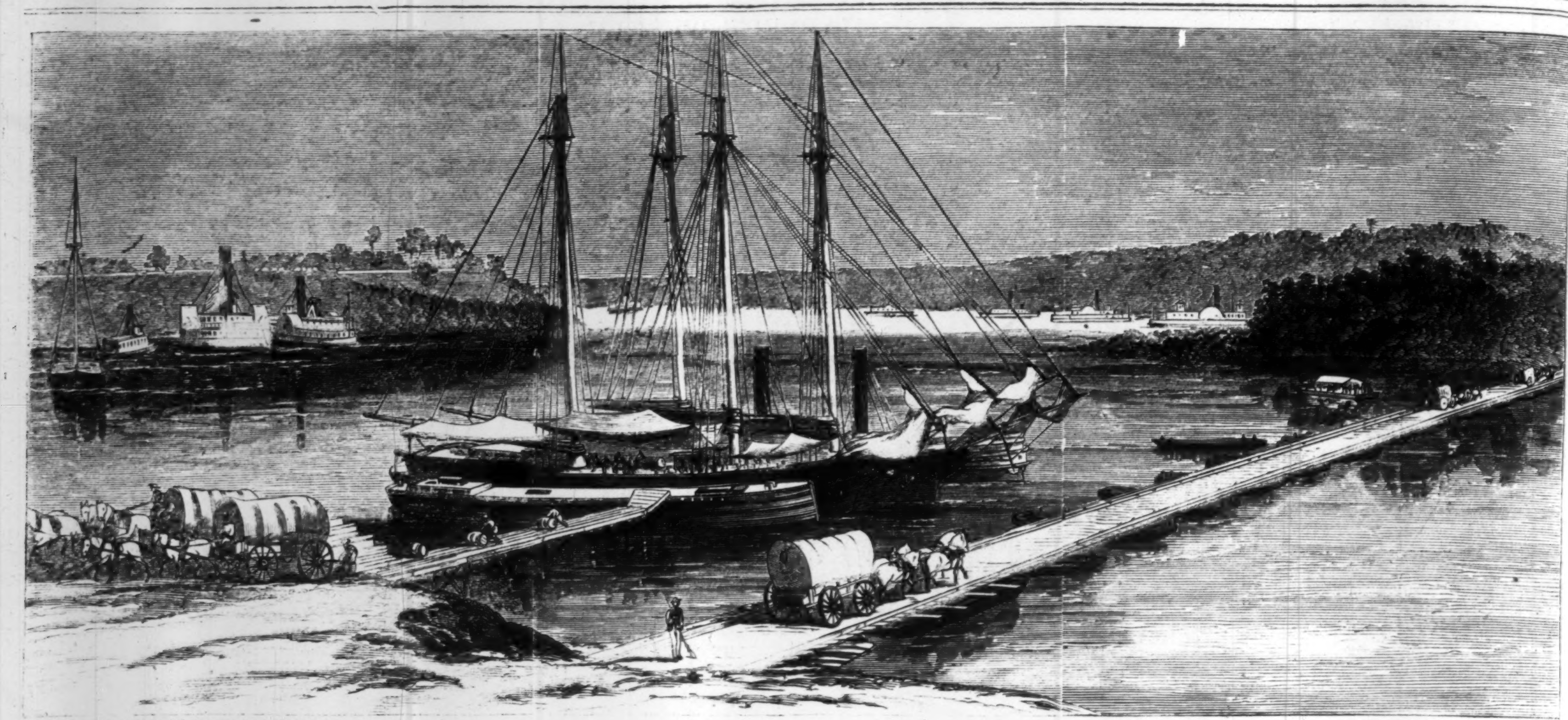
"But the establishment," pleaded Rataplan, nervously.

"The establishment," said Constant, gayly, "can be left to the waiters and the dame du comptoir for an hour or two. The Café Restaurant Chesterfield won't run away. Allons, messieurs, I am at your service."

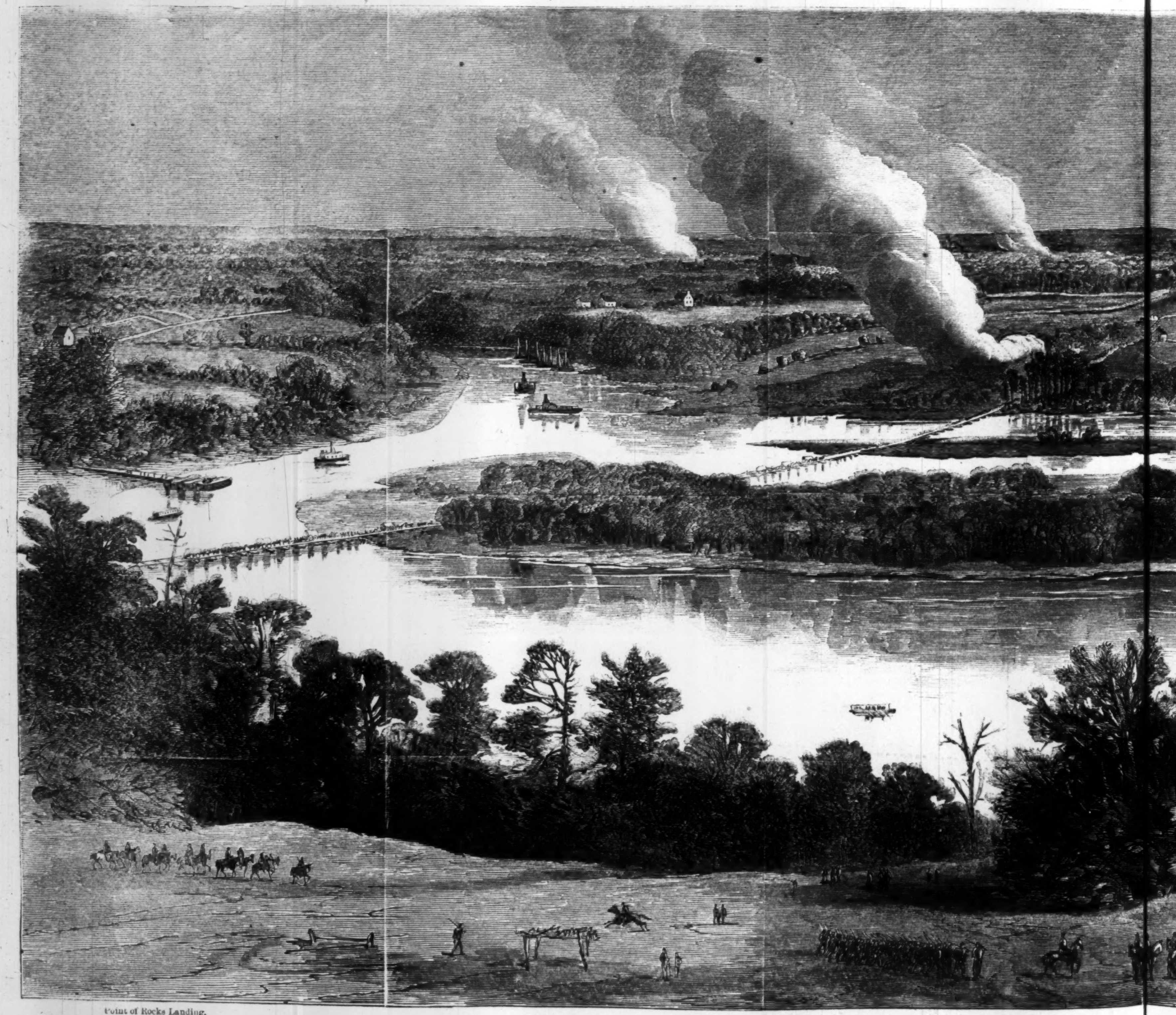
"Gom and dalk about de liddle gals," repeated the courier.


PENNSYLVANIA
MARYLAND
VIRGINIA
DELAWARE
NEW JERSEY
CHESAPEAKE BAY
DELAWARE BAY
WASHINGTON
BALTIMORE
ANNAPOLIS
FREDERICK CITY
HAGERSTOWN
WILLIAMSPORT
GETTYSBURG
CHAMBERSBURG
CARLISLE
HARRISBURG
YORK
COLUMBIA
LANCASTER
READING
PHILADELPHIA
WEST CHESTER
WILMINGTON
ELKTON
HAVRE DE GRACE
BELAIR
WESTMINSTER
HANOVER
EMMITSBURG
GREENCASTLE
HANCOCK
MARTINSBURG
CHARLESTOWN
WINCHESTER
LEESBURG
POINT OF ROCKS
POTOMAC RIVER
CHESAPEAKE & OHIO CANAL
BLUE RIDGE
MONOCACY R.
SYKESVILLE
ROCKVILLE
MANASSAS GAP
SCALE OF MILES
10
20
30

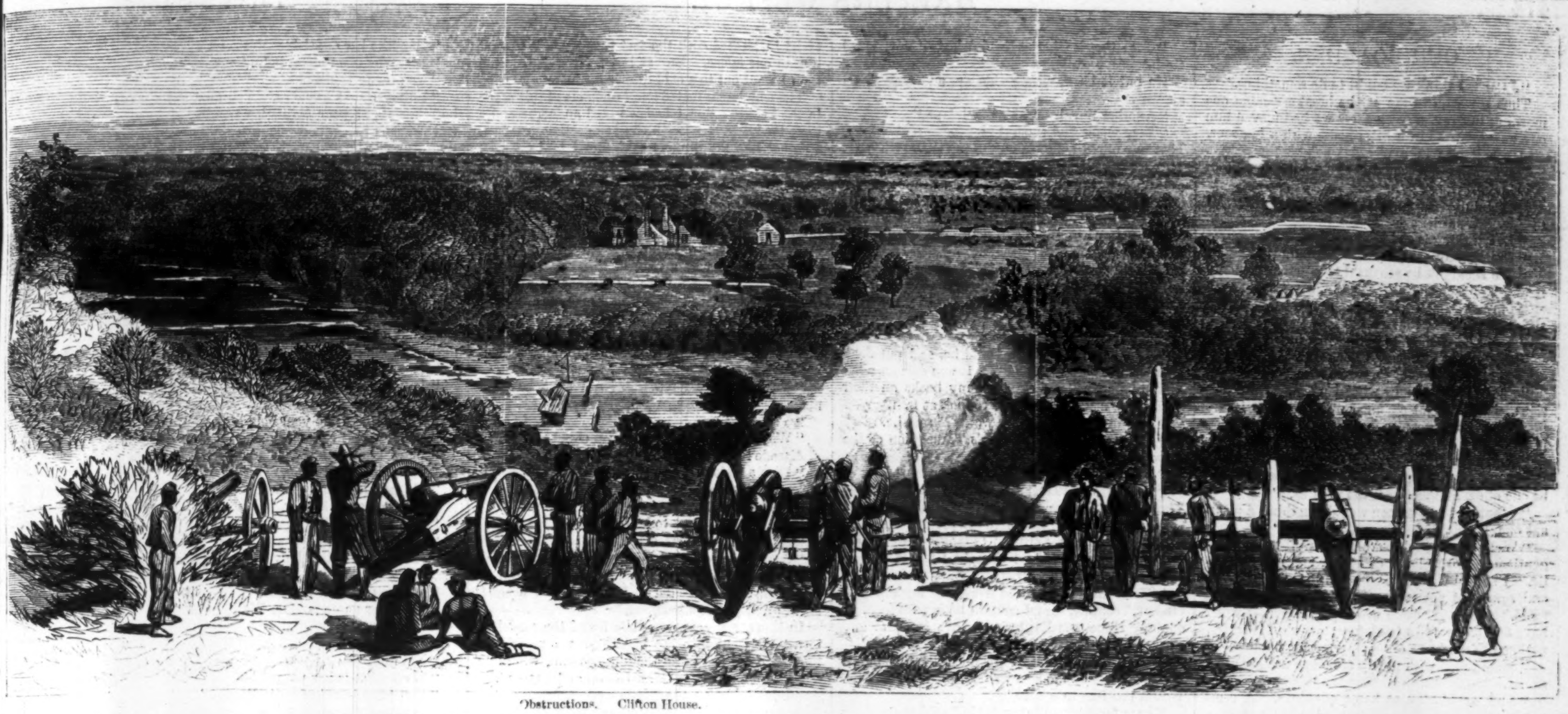
MAP ILLUSTRATING THE REBEL INVASION IN MARYLAND.—[See Page 467.]


"Greyhound," General Butler's Flag-Ship.

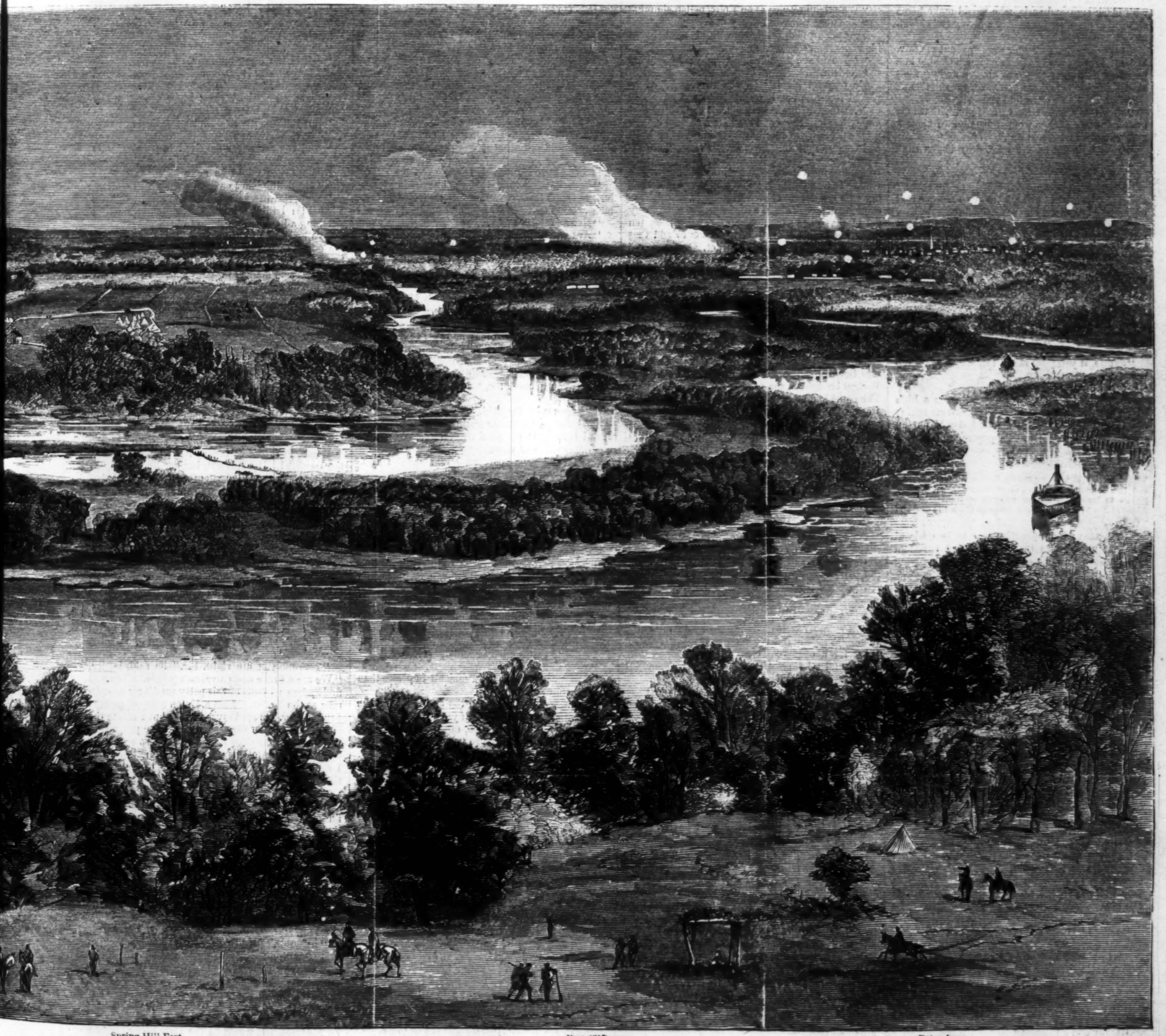
THE PONTOON BRIDGE AT POINT OF ROCKS, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[Sketched by William Waud.]


Point of Rocks Landing.

GENERAL GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE SITUATION


Obstructions.
Clifton House.

THE REBEL FORT CLIFTON AND OUR BATTERIES, ON THE APPOMATTOX.—[Sketched by William Waud.]


Spring Hill Fort.
Fort Clifton.
Petersburg.

TION AROUND PETERSBURG.—Sketched by William Waud.—[See Page 469.]

OUR BOARDER.

"JAMES, I think we ought to do something."

Thus my wife to me at the breakfast-table one morning in May, a week after we had moved into our new quarters in a little house with a big rent. You see it was in a pleasant neighborhood, this house, and in cities you always have to pay rent on your neighborhood.

"Certainly, Susan. Do something? By all means. What let's do?"

"Every thing is so high now."

"I realize the fact, my dear—I do indeed."

"We shouldn't be ashamed to practice economy in any way we can in these war times."

"I'm not ashamed, for one. I wish I understood the science better, that's all."

"What do you say to taking in a boarder?"

"Well, now, my dear, I don't think it right to take in people. Do as you would be done by."

"Fudge! You know what I mean. Do be serious. There's that chamber up stairs that is unfurnished. Why can't we get some one to occupy it?"

"Sure enough, why not?"

"Some pleasant person, you know, who would be one of us, and feel at home with us."

"What sort of a person would you think a pleasant one, my dear?"

"Well, say a good-looking and well-bred young gentleman, with plenty of money and no bad habits. I should want him to be willing to pay a liberal sum, and not to be too particular about the table. He would come in early at night—I won't have any body with a latch-key; or, what is better, perhaps he might be of quiet, domestic habits—"

"Young men with plenty of money usually are," said I.

"And would stay at home evenings. A companionable, genteel, good-natured, easy sort of a young man, who might become attached to us."

"Or what do you say to a pretty young woman with black eyes and curls, who would make home cheerful and attractive, as only a lovely and charming woman can?"

"I won't have any young women about me, Mr. Dobb. Women are ten times as much trouble in a house as men are; they are always finding fault about something or other; you never can suit them."

"Just what I've often told you, wife."

"Now that's meant for me. I think that men are harder to suit than women usually. I know *I* am, no matter what you say."

"Then let's not have a man, dear, if you can't suit him."

"Oh, how provoking you are! I never can talk with you, you always catch a body up so. But I do think we might have a boarder to occupy that unfurnished room; it's no use to us."

"If I was looking for board I should not be happy if my room was not furnished."

"Why, of course we would furnish it."

"And that would be an expense. I don't think people begin in that way when they want to practice economy, do they?"

"Yes, but—"

"In war time especially."

"Yes, I know, but—"

"And every thing is so high—particularly carpets."

"James, if you treat me in this way I will drop the whole subject."

"Oh, I'm willing to drop it."

My wife ate her breakfast after that in a high state of pout. But at dinner she attacked me again; and it was finally arranged that I should put an advertisement in one of the papers, soliciting a boarder.

This is the advertisement:

BOARDING.—A young couple, having a pleasant home in a quiet neighborhood, are willing to take a suitable person to board, having an unoccupied front chamber. Apply at No. 17 Sutcha Street, between the hours of 2 and 3 P.M.

The reason why application was to be made at the hour named was that we dined at two, and hence I was sure to be at home to see the applying party.

I am an artist, and human nature is my theme. I thought that the present enterprise would afford me an opportunity of studying my fellow-creatures in a condition where I had never yet seen any of them. We had four applicants during the next four days. It struck me as a curious illustration of the mysterious laws which govern human movements that there should be an applicant each day, and only one.

I suppose you are aware that artists are in the habit of making "studies from nature." I made a few in the course of those four days following, which you can *not* see by calling at my studio; but you can see them here.

The advertisement appeared in Tuesday morning's paper. We are punctual in dining at two, and at two I was carving a juicy round of roast beef when the door-bell rang.

"There's your boarder, wife," said I.

"*My* boarder?"

"Oh, well, *our* boarder; any thing for peace."

The applicant was a young gentleman of modest demeanor, who remarked that he had observed my proposition to entertain a guest [a guest; yes; very well put that, I thought], and being in pursuit of accommodations such as I had described, he had called to see us.

"Would you like to see the room?" said I.

Well, the room was of comparatively small moment to him; he had no doubt that he should be suited with the room; he cared more for the character of the family. He was in the habit of spending his evenings at home.

Ah, thought I, here's the moral young man of good habits that wife wants.

"Have you a library?"

"I have; and a very nice one I think it is."

"I would like to see it."

I showed him the library. He ran his eye over it, and took down a book.

"This is a novel, I see."

"Yes; that is Charles Reade's last—'Very Hard Cash.' An excellent book."

He put it back, wrong side up, and took down another.

"Another novel. 'The Virginians.'"

"Yes, you'll find several of Thackeray's works. That row of red volumes on the top shelf comprises Thackeray's humorous works. Do you like him?"

"I never read any of his books. I never peruse novels. They are pernicious."

He put that back wrong side up, and took down a little volume in green and gold.

"Perhaps you like poems better," said I. "That is Jean Ingelow's book. This," I continued, touching the books as I named them, "is Bryant's last; this is Longfellow's; here is 'Pelayo,' a beautiful new epic by a lady—Mrs. Beach; and here are several of the standard poets."

"I seldom read poetry," said he, and put Jean Ingelow back wrong side up. It was curious what a facility he had for standing my books on their heads. It made me nervous to look at him.

"Have you any religious works?" said he.

"Oh yes. Here is Sawyer's Translation of the New Testament."

"A sacrilegious innovator," he murmured.

"And here is Farrar's 'Critical History of Free Thought'—a fine work. Or if you like abstruse theological dissertations, here are several works by my friend Eleazar Lord, on 'Plenary Inspiration' and kindred themes." I thought I began to perceive the young man's drift.

"These all appear to be works by modern pretenders," said he, "and contain little pure food, no doubt. Have you Baxter's 'Saint's Rest,' or any works of that class?"

"Why, no; my library includes few theological works except by modern writers. I have a Bible. Would you like to see it?"

"I am familiar with the Bible," said that young man in a crushing tone. "What are your religious beliefs?"

"We attend service at an Episcopalian church."

"The next thing to Papacy in my opinion."

That young man sat down, with his hat between his knees, and surveyed me anxiously.

"Do you have regular family prayer?" said he.

"No, Sir."

He dropped his hat on the floor. When he picked it up he put it on his head and proceeded to take hold of the door-knob. Fortified by that grasp, he stood there and read me a tedious lecture on the necessity of family prayer in my household, and conjured me to release myself from the semi-Papistic mummery of Episcopalianism. After which he handed me a tract, which he desired my wife to read. It was entitled, "Come to Jesus;" and as my wife is a devout church-member of many years standing, it struck me as a superfluous if not a saucy act in that young man, who must have been ten years her junior. Truth compels me to add that my wife neglected to read the tract.

I closed the door on that young man at last with a sigh of relief. Good gracious, I would not have such a bore in my house on any terms!

"What a pity to lose such an excellent young man!" said my wife.

A consoling remark I thought that. But it did not reconcile me to my cold dinner, which I ate in mute rebellion.

The next day, punctual to the moment when I was busily carving, the door-bell rang again, and Bridget brought in the card of Mr. Thomas Allen. The name had a familiar look, but for the life of me I could not tell where I had seen it before.

Mr. Thomas Allen was a young gentleman in a broadcloth suit, and with a tall hat of marvelous gloss. His shirt-front was adorned with a glittering pin, and he wore a massive watch-chain. As I entered the room he was stuffing in his vest pocket a huge roll of greenbacks. Now, I thought, wife has the young man with plenty of money; if he's only moral, too—but, hang it, he mustn't be too moral.

He certainly did not look as if morality was his besetting weakness.

"Called to see about board," said Mr. Allen, rising. "My card." And he offered it.

"Yes, I have your card. Mr. Allen. Would you like to see the room?"

"Got tired of these hotels, you know," said the young man, without deigning to answer my question. "Thought I'd try on the private style of thing for a change. Give you references, you know, and all that—if you want 'em. Tom Allen's pretty well known, though."

Tom Allen! Where *had* I seen that name?

"Pay in advance if you want. All on the square. Where's the room?"

I took him up stairs and showed him the room.

"Nice little hole," said he, "when you git it furnished up. My trunks 'll fill up some. What's the figure?"

"The price for board?"

"Umph!" Meaning yes, I took it.

"I don't know exactly. We'll have to ask Mrs. Dobb about that."

"All right; let's go down and ask her. I fancy you'll suit me."

Wife was called from her dinner, and told Mr. Allen the price; to which he at once agreed.

"I'll move my trunks up to-night," said he. "I shall want a latch-key, you know."

"Ah, that indeed!" I looked at my wife.

"You see," Mr. Allen went on, "I'm in the minstrel business. May have heard of me? And I have to be out evenings. Any objection to my bringing a friend up once in a while?"

"The fact is," said I, "my wife is opposed to latch-keys."

"Don't want to sit up for me, do you?"

"I fear we should not be able to accommodate a gentleman in your line of business," said I. "We are quiet people—"

"Oh, I don't mind how quiet you are!"

"I think we shall have to decline taking you, Mr. Allen. We should not suit you at all."

I hoped he understood that. But he didn't. I had a fearful time in impressing on that young artist in burned cork the fact that we didn't want him in our house. But at last I succeeded. And then I went out to a cold dinner again.

The conviction forced itself upon me at this stage in the business that I had selected an unfortunate hour for interviews with the prospective boarders. I do not like my dinners cold, and I told my wife so.

She laughed at me!

Such is woman.

On Thursday the inevitable door-bell at five minutes past two o'clock. I really did not see the beauty of this sort of thing.

This time it was a man of thirty-five or forty years, I judged. He wore a heavy beard and carried a cane. You're not a young man, at any rate, was my mental observation; but if you are blessed with money you may do—provided you find us pious sufficiently, and are not in the minstrel business.

"You advertise for a boarder, I see," he commenced.

"Yes, Sir."

"Well, I think perhaps we can make a trade."

A trade! Is the man a horse-jockey?

"I am a widower, Sir, and know how to appreciate a pleasant home; yes, Sir, and pay for it."

Excellent, so far.

"I ask nothing but to be let alone."

Quotation from J. Davis.

"And I stay at home nights; pay in advance; price is immaterial; don't smoke in my room or out of it; and particularly, I don't bother myself about other people's business."

In short, we seemed to have found the model at last. He went into the bedchamber, and said he liked it. He went into the dining-room, where he bowed courteously to Mrs. Dobb, and patted the juvenile Dobbs on the head; and glancing at the table remarked, in a real good-natured way, that he saw we lived well. He asked Bridget if she would sew on a button for him occasionally if he paid her for it. He said he was satisfied he should find this a pleasant home, and for his part he should do his share in trying to make it so. He mentioned that the golden rule was his guide on all occasions.

Before he went away we passed through the parlor—"a *very* pleasant place," our boarder graciously styled it, and added that there was nothing like a few choice paintings and statuettes to set off a room.

Just then his eye fell upon a bust upon a bracket on the wall. Whose bust it was I will not specify further than to say that it was that of a loyal and honest public functionary whom I much admire. He turned upon me quickly:

"What's your idea, though, in sticking up a bust of Blank in your parlor? It can't be for ornament. God never made a homelier man."

"Nor a better," said I.

"Are you a Blankite?"

"Yes, Sir, I am. Are you?"

"No, Sir, I am not. And, what is more, I can not bear the sight of that man. He is a fool, Sir—a blockhead—a disgrace to the country."

I snuffed a battle; but I can not say I had a wish to abandon my colors. In fact we had quite a lively little time for a few minutes. I expressed my views, and he expressed his; and there was wrath.

"I bid you good-day, Sir," said the model; "we could never inhabit the same house together. I shall look for another boarding-place."

"As you please, Sir," I replied, with some warmth.

And the model departed.

Cold chunks for dinner again; and the degree of heat I brought to the meal was no improvement in a culinary point of view.

"Confound your boarders, Mrs. Dobb!" I said. "I've had quite enough of them."

The next day, when the door-bell rang at the inevitable moment, I told my wife she might inform the fellow at the door that we had concluded to take no boarder. I was actually getting dyspeptic with these cold dinners.

But the fellow at the door proved to be a lady, and Mrs. Dobb had the delightful task of waiting on her. I ate my dinner with unwonted gusto, and listened in a calm frame of mind to the conversation that took place in the next room.

"I thought I would come and see you, as I am desirous of securing a quiet boarding-place" came to my ears in a sweet, feminine voice.

"I did not wish a lady boarder," said my wife.

"How unfortunate!"

"They are so much more difficult to please than gentlemen, usually."

"I am *so* sorry! I liked the appearance of the neighborhood so much; and if you will pardon me, I like your looks so well, too, now that I have met you, I am sure I should love you."

An awkward pause.

"Have you children?" the sweet voice went on.

"We have four," said my wife.

"I do love children so much! I have one—in heaven."

Ah, thought I, that's a telling blow!

"You are a widow lady, then?" said Mrs. Dobb.

"Yes, ma'am; I have been alone for three years. Oh, if you knew what it was to be without a pleasant home you would pity me. I am sick to death of boarding-houses. My feelings are all domestic; but in boarding-houses there is no domestic circle."

"Perhaps—ah—I don't know—" stammered my wife; "would you like to see the room?"

"Oh, may I? You are too kind."

Then they went up stairs.

A fascinating young widow, eh? Here was an enemy to my wife's resolutions indeed!

They were up stairs a long time, I thought. But at last they came down and I heard the lady go out. I left the table and ran to look out the window, napkin in hand. There were the weeds inclosing a dainty little figure; and the widow turned her face and looked up at the house.

I recognized the face. *Ohe, jam satis!*

"Have you engaged the lady?" I inquired, as I returned to the table.

"I have, Mr. Dobb," said my wife.

"You like her then?"

"Yes; she is a perfect lady."

"You really think so?"

"Think so? I know so. You men are always boasting about your ability at reading character, and perhaps in general you may be our superiors that way; but let me tell you that when I have once been favorably impressed with a person I am never disappointed in my judgment."

"Thank you."

"I don't refer to you, my dear. You are an exception."

"And so you like her?"

"I told you I did."

"What were you doing up stairs so long?"

"Oh, I showed her all the chambers. She was so glad to find my chamber was next hers, where she could come when she wanted a quiet chat with me away from the rest of the family—meaning you."

"Then you liked her, eh?"

"James, what do you mean? I told you I liked her."

"How do you like your cold dinner, my dear?"

"I don't lose my temper over it, at least. But I want to know what you mean by asking me a dozen times over whether I liked her."

"Oh, nothing; only, I know her."

"You know her?"

"By reputation."

"Now, James, what *do* you mean? If you know any thing about that lady I wish you would tell me."

"Did you ask her name?"

"Yes; her name is Mrs. Wellington."

"No it isn't."

"It isn't?"

"Not any."

"Then what is her name?"

"You have heard of Belle Burns?"

"What—the woman who was arrested for poisoning her husband?"

"And got off through a legal technicality. Yes."

"Well, what of her?"

"Why, you've taken her to board, that's all. When is she coming?"

"James, are you making sport of me?"

"Not in the least, my dear. That woman who just left the house is Madame Belle Burns. When does she come?"

"What a question! You know of course she can't come at all if it's her."

"But you like her so well."

"James—"

"And you are never deceived in your estimate of character."

"James, you might be more generous than to crack disgusting jokes on such a subject."

"Well, then, I won't, my dear. But I'll tell you what it is: I think we had better give up the idea of taking a boarder; we seem to have poor success. I have had three very unsatisfactory specimens of the genus to deal with, and you have had one as bad as my three, and I don't find that we get any thing but cold dinners for our pains. I think we'll give up the enterprise altogether."

My wife has never talked about taking a boarder since then, and I don't suppose she ever will again as long as she lives.

A SOUTHERNER'S COURTSHIP.

"THERE is no mistake about it: I'm a Northerner myself, and as proud of my section as any man of them all; but the fact is unquestionable, beyond controversy, that Southern men are more generally brave, chivalrous, generous than Northern men."

What eyes Georgia Sterne had as she looked at the speaker! Her lids fell, but her lip was slightly curled. She waited silently to hear what Auguste Trevanion would reply to such a speech as this.

Auguste Trevanion was a young and handsome man, of distinguished personal appearance, a Southerner by birth, professedly Union in sentiment, having escaped to the North but a few weeks before, at some peril of life and limb; and still more recently, from the hour in which they had first met, an utterly charmed votary at the shrine of Georgia Sterne, who had regarded him with seeming favor.

It came very soon—Auguste Trevanion's reply—from amidst the chatter and small-talk which his companion's remark had elicited from the ladies, save Georgia:

"I think you are right, Sir," he said, loftily. "We are a brave and chivalrous people. You will find among us none of this petty smallness so common at the North. I am a Union man, of course; I think I have proved myself that; but I blame the North so much for the course they have pursued in this matter, I consider my own people so aggravated and forced into this war, that for the life of me I can't help being glad when I hear of victory for the South and defeat for the North."

Georgia Sterne's drooping lids quivered, and across the colorlessness of her cheek shot an arrowy flush, hot and red, as though it had been branded there. But this complaisant Trevanion did not see it. He had forgotten Miss Sterne for the moment.

"I wonder if there would be such a thing as getting South for a few weeks," said young Tracy, the gentleman who had first spoken. "I have really been thinking of making the attempt."

"It would be a very fool-hardy attempt indeed," said Trevanion, superbly.

"How?"

"I wouldn't give that for your life when you get there," with a snap of his fingers.

"Ah, yes, I suppose it is dangerous for a Northern man to go among them."

"Certainly it is, and with good reason. They hate every thing Northern so that the chances are a thousand to one that the first words you uttered on Southern soil would be the signal for putting a rope round your neck and suspending you to the nearest tree. Miss Sterne, I beg your pardon. This is not talk for ladies' ears."

Georgia had risen, her face very pale, save for the small spot of color that glowed redly on either cheek. She leaned with both hands clasped upon the back of the seat in which she had been sitting, and made a slightly impatient movement of her whole person when Trevanion spoke. She looked at him with a kind of shuddering impatience, controlled, but none the less evident, while she said:

"And you call that a brave, chivalrous, and generous people!"

Trevanion colored.

"But remember the aggravation, Miss Sterne. For years, now, these ignorant Yankees—"

He paused, coloring more deeply than before. He remembered that Miss Sterne claimed Connecticut as her birth-place. Into that awkward silence Georgia dropped these words:

"For years, now, this brave and chivalrous people have been committing the most cold-blooded murders upon men whose only offense was that they were strangers, alien to the chivalrous soil that held such greed for their life. I know that the pretense was that they were meddling with slave property; but in most cases there was no proof even of that. Pray do not interrupt me. I have lived South, or rather visited there, much. I know with the utmost certainty that these things occurred. There are clouds of witnesses to these murderous facts. I can cite proof of one from your own lips. I see you have not forgotten that poor young man who was taken from your very side as you were escaping North—taken to a death that he as little deserved as you. Pray, Mr. Trevanion, why did you leave this brave and chivalrous people to cast your lot among such as us? If your heart is with your brave Southern friends, if you rejoice in the triumph of their arms and the defeat of ours, pray, Sir, how does it happen that you are not in their ranks, fighting shoulder to shoulder with them in the cause for which you have such strong sympathies? I am only a woman, but even I would scorn to accept the protection of a Government that I felt such enmity toward as you do toward this, to which you have nevertheless fled for refuge."

Auguste Trevanion made a faint effort at first to smile and treat the matter lightly, but it was impossible to do that under the flash of Georgia's eyes. He dropped his forehead upon his hand to hide the expressiveness of his white face. Her speech, falling even from the lips of Georgia Sterne—and he alone knew what she was to him—angered him terribly, and perhaps all the more from its pertinency and truth, which, while he was not cool enough to admit, yet stung him to the quick.

Georgia gave a sweeping glance to the rest—they understood its condemnation of their spiritlessness—and taking her hat from a branch where it swung, she parted with her hand the green clusters that drooped almost to the ground, and left the party to recover from their amazement and consternation as best they might.

Pretty Mrs. Lennox was the first to recover her senses, asserting, with a flirt of her plumy fan, that "Georgia Sterne always was a little fanatic."

The rest put in their word presently, all but Trevanion. He sat silent for a little, and then, as though companionship were utterly unendurable, rose, and, with briefest apology, left them.

With his hat low crowded upon his brows he walked away, wandering on aimlessly, companioned by such thoughts as were natural under the circumstances.

Angry thoughts were for some time the most prominent—angry because of *what* Georgia had said, and because *she* had said it—angrier through his vanity.

But as he walked and as he thought a cooler mood came upon him. It was impossible to resist the soothing influences of silence and cool airs about him, and that memory, of how superbly beautiful Georgia had looked, while she said even those stinging words, added its fascination to the rest.

Trevanion was not insensible to the nature of the circumstances which surrounded him. Though he had been unconscious of it at the time, more truth had flashed into his brain from the honest, indignant outspokenness of Georgia Sterne than had *ever* smote him from the gaping accursedness of the facts themselves, which *had* faced him at home—that brave and chivalrous home which he had been vaunting a little before.

How his cheek reddened as he remembered, with sudden appalling, how true a truth the girl had smitten him with! *Was* it true? He *did* remember; the young man of whom she had spoken had been his companion in that attempt to escape, in which one had succeeded and the other had not. They had, though traveling together, agreed mutually not to recognize each other. His friend had been a Northern man; and a careless, too eager word had brought the blood-hounds upon him. They fell upon him savagely, and unjudged, unjuried, sent him to a violent death. Trevanion knew that, and yet only a little time before had been talking about *chivalry*. Was there any chivalry in such a deed as that? Was there any thing but the rankest, and most brutal cowardice in many another similar deed that had come to his consciousness nearly or remote?

He looked at himself suddenly like a man who had been up to that moment clothed in and hugging to him the cerements of the grave.

True, it had been only the fling of white fingers, the flash of a pair of eyes, musical scorn and indignation from the lips of a girl—a Yankee girl too—that had brought this truth home to him; but white fingers, lips, and eyes had not their equal in all Auguste Trevanion's consciousness.

And just then he lifted his eyes and saw, but a little in advance of him, Georgia Sterne herself. Had she seen him? Was she conscious that he was so near her? Would she, if he accosted her now, turn upon him such scornful flashes as she had a while before? Why not? What was he more or less now than then? While he hesitated she turned and saw him.

And then, while she hesitated an instant, from some impulse born of the moment Auguste Trevanion advanced toward her, and, extending his hand, said,

"Surely we are friends still, Miss Sterne?"

She did not refuse her hand, but she gave it doubtingly, and with no smiles breaking the grave lines about her mouth.

"Surely you would not break friendship with a man for his opinion?" he repeated, seeing that she did not speak.

At that her hand dropped away from his, and she said, with the faintest of smiles,

"Holding such opinions as you and I do, how *could* we be friends? Do you know, Sir"—and she grew grave as death again—"that the only brother I had in the world died at the hands of this brave and chivalrous people—was set upon, as your friend was, and slain in the same cowardly manner? I can not be friends with any man who claims the authors of such deeds as brave and chivalrous."

She was turning away when he stepped before her: "But I love you, Miss Sterne!" and stood palely regarding her.

She was pale too—paler, if possible, when he said that—and she shrank a little. The next instant, however, she said, "I am very sorry, Sir!" and turning quite away from him, walked rapidly in the opposite direction.

Trevanion stood looking after her till she had passed from view, and then, replacing the hat he had been holding in his hand till now, he said to himself,

"I am man enough not to blame you, Georgia Sterne; and if you and I ever meet again this side eternity it shall be upon far different terms than those upon which we have parted."

From the ranks of the gay traveling party of which Georgia Sterne was a member suddenly disappeared Auguste Trevanion. There was some wondering as to what had become of him, but Georgia never wondered, or grew any thing but whiter-faced when he was spoken of. She withdrew herself presently, upon some excuse, and, returning home, spent in quiet and seclusion the remainder of the season. Quiet, do I say? Seclusion, indeed, compared to the gay life she had been leading, but not so quiet a life. She was the central and animating spirit of many a patriotic and efficient effort for the encouragement and comfort of the country's brave defenders.

But all the time she grew graver and more quiet in herself; thoughtful and subdued in manner, as one smitten into a melancholy that forbade smiling.

She stood alone in her own sitting-room one evening, several months after that meeting and parting with Auguste Trevanion, when a servant entered and gave her a card bearing his name. For almost the first time in months a faint color flitted over Georgia's pale face as she read his name. She went down to see him quietly enough—so quietly, indeed, as to disappoint him somewhat. Very few men suspect how much emotion sometimes underlies a woman's outward calm; and he had expected, perhaps, that the woman to whom he had sometimes said "I love you," would have for him some consciousness, some—any thing rather than this cool tranquillity that kept him at such distance when he had so much that he wished to say to her.

He had come to her upon a special errand. He had meant to introduce it to her differently, but it was impossible to give it the introduction he had hoped for while she so completely daunted him with her superb distance; so he said, simply,

"You will pardon this intrusion, Miss Sterne, when you know the errand upon which I come. I have seen a gentleman who was acquainted with your brother in Richmond—" She started a little, but did not speak, and he went on: "He did not die at the time you supposed he did. This gentleman was with him in the Libey Prison some weeks."

"Where is this gentleman? Why did he not come and see me himself?" exclaimed Georgia, her tears starting.

"He did: I am he."

"You?"

"I am he."

"But how came you in the Libey Prison? And poor Frank was taken by those ruffians nearly two years ago! I don't understand you, Mr. Trevanion."

"Frank did not die at the time you supposed. He was living an inmate of the Libey Prison at the same time with myself, about one month ago."

"One month ago!" starting from her seat, and looking at him reproachfully. "Don't trifle with me, Mr. Trevanion!"

"I am not. Solemnly, I saw your brother, Frank Aldrich Sterne, alive and well one month ago."

She was trembling and pale, but she did not look like fainting. Extending her hands to him, she said, simply, "Pity me, and spare me farther suspense! You have more to tell. I can bear it—tell me at once."

"Can you bear it?" not noticing the hands she extended to him, and looking at her keenly. "Can you bear to hear that he is alive and well now?—that he is *now* waiting at the hotel, but a few steps from here—waiting till I have prepared you for this news of his life—?"

"I couldn't wait any longer, Auguste!" And Frank Sterne, having listened outside long enough to ascertain that the shock to Georgia was not likely to be fatal, sprung through the low window, and clasped his sister in his arms.

"I didn't believe any of the time that you'd take the news hardly," said Frank, presently, laughing and shaking the tears out of his eyes; "but Auguste here would have it that you must be duly prepared for the reception of such news—eh, Auguste?" But Auguste had vanished from the room, and after staring blankly enough through the window at his receding form, Frank said,

"Splendid fellow that, Georgia! I must go and bring him back presently. I should have died if it hadn't been for him. The ruffians had banged me about till I was dying of sheer weariness of life, when Trevanion was brought in prisoner where I was. He nursed me, and scolded and cajoled me, till I took heart again, and we got away together. All the way he bore the brunt of every thing, till he brought me here. And, by-the-way, he says that he was rank secesh till he met you last summer, and you put the truth into him so sharply that he went right away and enlisted as a private in a Northern regiment. A fellow who was in the same company told me that he never saw such fight as there was in Trevanion. If you had any influence, as he says, in bringing him over to the right side, Georgia, you may think you've gained the country something worth having, for he's a man, every inch of him, and that's what can't be said of all those Southerners by a great deal."

It was dusk when Trevanion came back with Frank. Frank sent him into the parlor alone.

Miss Sterne stood by the window when Auguste entered. She advanced to meet him, a flush on her cheek, but otherwise apparently calm, and extending her hand. He took it.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Georgia?" he said, holding it in both his.

Her eyes drooped away from his suddenly, but she did not withdraw her hand. Indeed, she could not, he was holding it so closely in his.

"May I have this hand, Georgia? May I try to teach you to love me?"

He had to bend his head to catch her answer, it was so low.

"I have always loved you, Auguste."

PARTING.

O BROOK, be still! O gentle South,
Thy kisses cease among the noisy leaves,
And only kiss my burning mouth!

O Stars, make all your light to pour
On him whose love to me so fondly cleaves—
On him who comes, to come no more!

For now indeed I can not spare
His first least footsteps; and I fain would see
Far as I may how sad they fare.

Or shall I wish that unaware
He should come near and sweetly startle me,
His hand upon my arm?—'Tis there!

O Brook, flow on! O amorous South,
Kiss with a thousand kisses all the leaves!—
His kisses tremble on my mouth!

But ah, kind Stars, let not your light
Confuse the sweetness of my lover's eyes,
That bid farewell to mine to-night!—
Farewell! farewell to mine to-night!

"OVER THE WAY."

A CHILD'S STORY.

"WON'T it ever be dinner-time, mother?"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy was very hungry; not hungry like you, little people, who have had warm bread and milk already this morning, but hungry, so that her little body was all one shiver under her thin frock. You see there had been no dinner-time yesterday, and only supper the day before. Now, her mother was stitching so busily that she had only a sentence—like a knot in her thread here and there—to give Lucy in reply to her questions and remarks—if she finished that pile of skirts neatly enough; and if the forewoman was neither busy nor cross, nor, as often happened, talking to the clerk, then she would be paid.

And all these "ifs" lay between Lucy and her dinner.

Poor little Lucy! she sat curled up in the window-seat to see the sunshine if she could not feel it; it shone on the other side of the way.

Over the way seemed to have fullness of riches; for, besides the sunshine, it had a baker's shop, where, an hour before, Lucy had watched the dinners go in to be baked. They had looked tempting then, but now, oh dear! Lucy watched them—soft, pale-brown batter puddings; crisp bursting potatoes, brown with gravy; and once, after a leg of pork, there came through the draughty window such a fragrance of onions as made the little watcher clasp her hands with a long "oh!" of pleasure and longing.

You may not agree with her as to the perfume of onions; but then, you see, Lucy's nose was not educated, only hungry, which is quite another thing.

By-and-by, it seemed that all the dinners had been fetched except one—that stood on the counter cooling rapidly.

"What could the people be about that belonged to it?"—not that it belonged to—Lucy's thoughts were hungry.

"Perhaps they've forgotten it; perhaps they're dead; then nobody'll have it; oh, what a pity!"

Lucy's last thought was so energetic that it jumped to her lips, but nobody answered. It was such a beautiful dinner; in spite of the shade of the shop, Lucy's far-sighted eyes could see that; a large round piece of beef, baked to a brownish red, and all round about it, and over and under it, just like things of no consequence, were those potatoes, and nobody came for all this.

"Mother! I don't believe it's wicked to steal!"

"Truly, child, I don't know."

Lucy's mother had been a Quakeress till she married, and was a good woman still, but it seemed to take all there was of her to keep Lucy alive at all, any sort of a child; and now, between work, and hunger, and cold, she was almost in a snow-sleep; so she never noticed Lucy get down off her perch and run into the street.

"I must smell it—I must smell it," said Lucy to herself, and she went and stood at the baker's door.

"I must just touch that warm dish," and Lucy went in. No one was in the shop, and there was one potato just on the edge of the dish.

"I'm sure it will fall over and be broke, and then somebody'll tread on it; such a pity!" This time Lucy's thoughts did not reach her lips, but something else did; that tempting potato, first one bite, then another; then it was all gone.

"Why, you little thief!" Lucy was sure it was a giant's voice, it sounded so high up, and so loud, after her mother's weak one; and, yes, that must be a giant's hand laid on her shoulder; but, of course, it wasn't a giant, you know; it was good Mrs. Bacon, the bakeress, who had more children than you could count when they were all running about, and who, if she had known how hungry Lucy was, would have given her, not somebody else's potato perhaps, but a bit of her own dinner; but, you see, she did not know, and that was the mischief.

"Speak, child," and Mrs. Bacon gave another shake; she thought Lucy was sulky, the one unpardonable sin among her own children; but between the food and the fright Lucy felt sick and dizzy, and hot and cold, until she could not understand herself, much less Mrs. Bacon.

"You evil little thing!" Another shake, and Lucy, feeling the world go round for the first time in her life, fell flat on the floor.

"Oh! goodness gracious, Bacon, I've been and killed a child!" It was quite consistent with the scene that "Bacon" should appear through a trap-door in the floor, as he did, all flour and astonishment, to find his wife with a little ragged girl in her lap.

"What on earth shall I do?"

"Put her in some warm water." Mrs. Bacon, who ruled the household generally, always obeyed her husband in troublous times; so, before long, Lucy woke up in water; it was queer, certainly, but on the whole satisfactory; and she was about to close her eyes again, just feeling the soft warm water lapping her limbs, when Mrs. Bacon said,

"Oh! do'ee wake up, there's a lamb, my pretty!" You see she had forgotten all about the "little thief" by now, and saw only a child like one of her own; but so thin! I rather think some of the warm water on Lucy's neck had salt in it.

"Do'ee wake up!" really it seemed worth while; the state of things was puzzling, but then it was scarcely needful to unpuzzle one's self, when the conundrum consisted of eyes, nose, ears, being greeted by a dancing fire, a smell of warm bread and things delicious, and a whispered order of "Porridge directly." The porridge came just as Lucy was dressed, first in her own things, which were clean enough, and then in a frock belonging to Polly Bacon, who came to gaze with admiring awe at a little girl hungry enough to eat porridge.

"Where do you live, little girl?" said Polly, thinking, perhaps, that porridge-liking might come under the manners and customs of some distant region.

"Over the way," said Lucy. Mrs. Bacon rather drew back; she remembered the potato for the first time. It is not exactly pleasant to have people with indistinct notions of the rights of property living "over the way."

"Well, I'll take you over." Just as they were crossing the road a wild-looking woman with a big bundle ran out of the house opposite, and Lucy, calling out "Mother, mother!" ran over and caught hold of her, just escaping a butcher's horse with no eyes to spare for little girls.

"That child will be dead before she's done with," said Mrs. Bacon.

"Let's speak to the mother," said Mrs. Bacon. So they went up to Lucy's mother, who was trembling and crying.

"Oh! Lucy, naughty girl, where have you been?"

"It's all right, ma'am," said Mrs. Bacon; "we'll see to her if you like, while you take home your work." Certainly, it was time the work went, so Lucy's mother had to go too, and her visitors followed Lucy up stairs to her apartment. Such a room—high up, and low, dark and unshaded, bare and crowded, it seemed wonderful how it could contrive to have so many contradictory qualities without one pleasant one. In all the course of two comfortable lives, the gazers had never seen such a room. Mrs. Bacon felt a strong desire to relieve herself by scolding somebody, but a lump in her throat cut short the speech, and made it the shortest, most grotesquely eloquent one she had ever made—just "Oh! Bacon," and she laid her hand on her husband's shoulder.

"It's pitiful, isn't it, old woman? I'll run over for some firing," and he went, coming back so speedily that the fire was lit before Lucy knew what was going to happen. The chimney had been idle so long that it gave all the trouble it could, but when it was conquered the bright warm flames began to dance, and so did Lucy.

"Oh! what will mother say? there's a fire, there's a fire!" and she bent down her little body in front of it, spreading out her arms as if she could hug it, and repeating—

"Oh! there's a fire, what will mother say? it's so-o nice!" and what should Lucy do but fall fast asleep with her hands clasped like a child in a picture with angels watching her.

By-and-by Lucy's mother came back to find, not only the fire, but on it a pot of Irish stew.

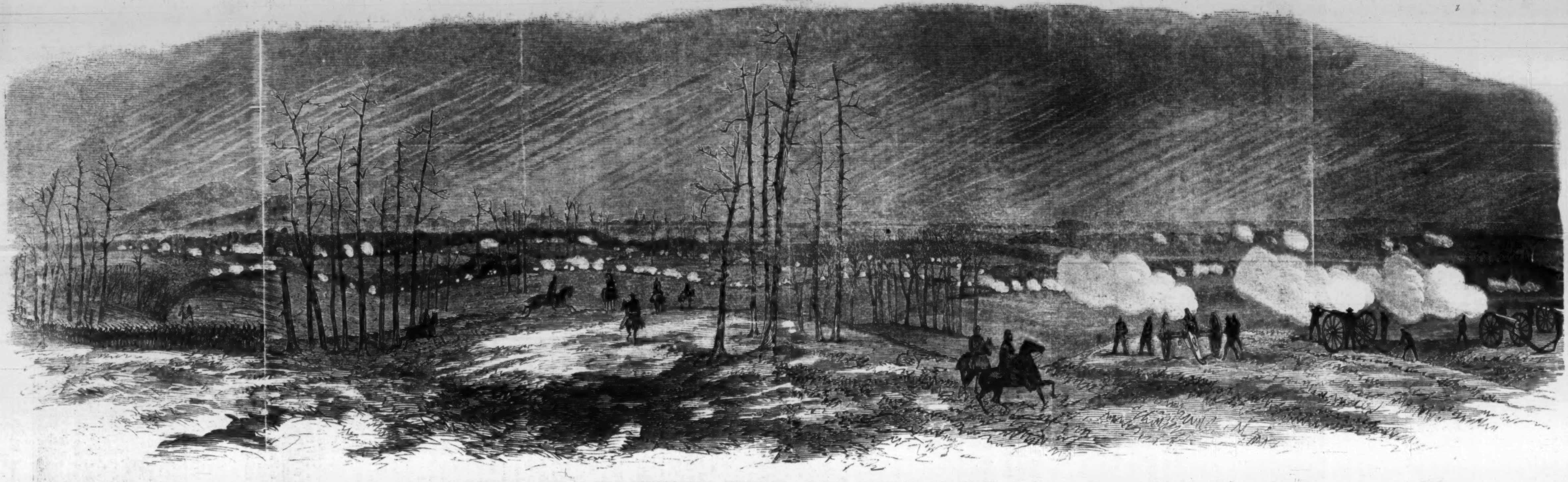
"Lucy, Lucy, wake up, child; what's happened?"

"Oh! I don't know, mother; it's all beautiful; but I don't know any thing," which was about true; her little life had run on so fast that she had got behind it somehow. But they were both too hungry to do any thing but eat, with food at hand, so the question was "laid on the table" as they say in Congress. Just as dinner was done, Mrs. Bacon came in and had such a long talk with Lucy's mother that the little one forgot to listen until she heard—

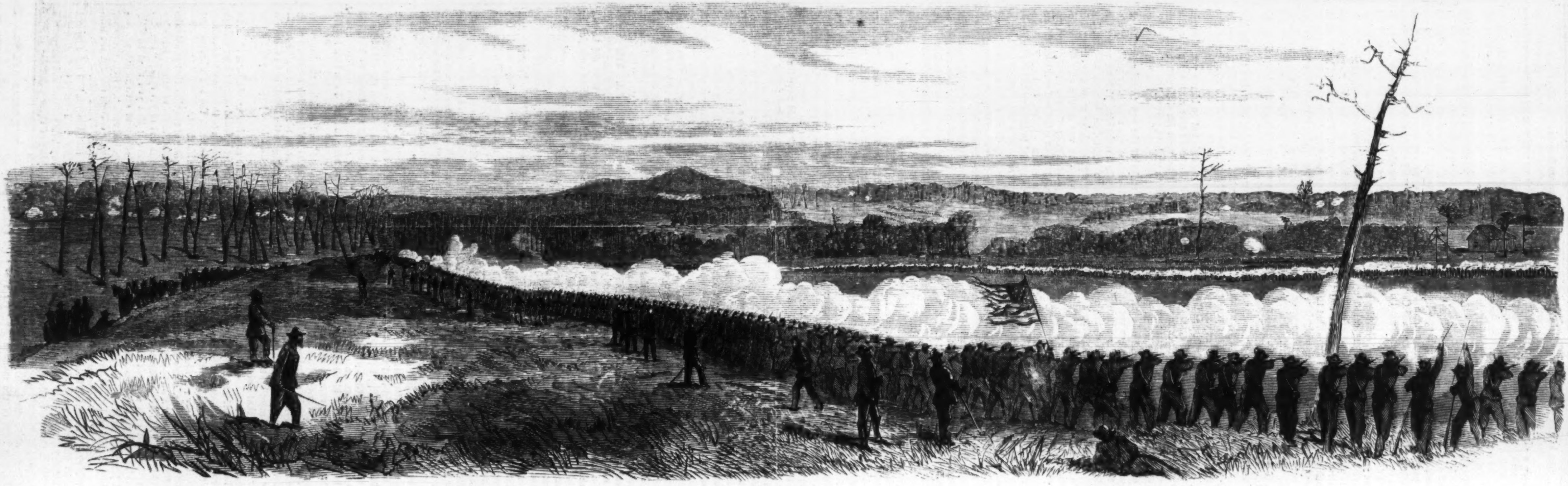
"Well, never go without a dinner again; with three of my children, just babies, I can always find you work."

"Did you ever hear, ma'am, of the 'blessing of those ready to perish?' because you will have it to-night."

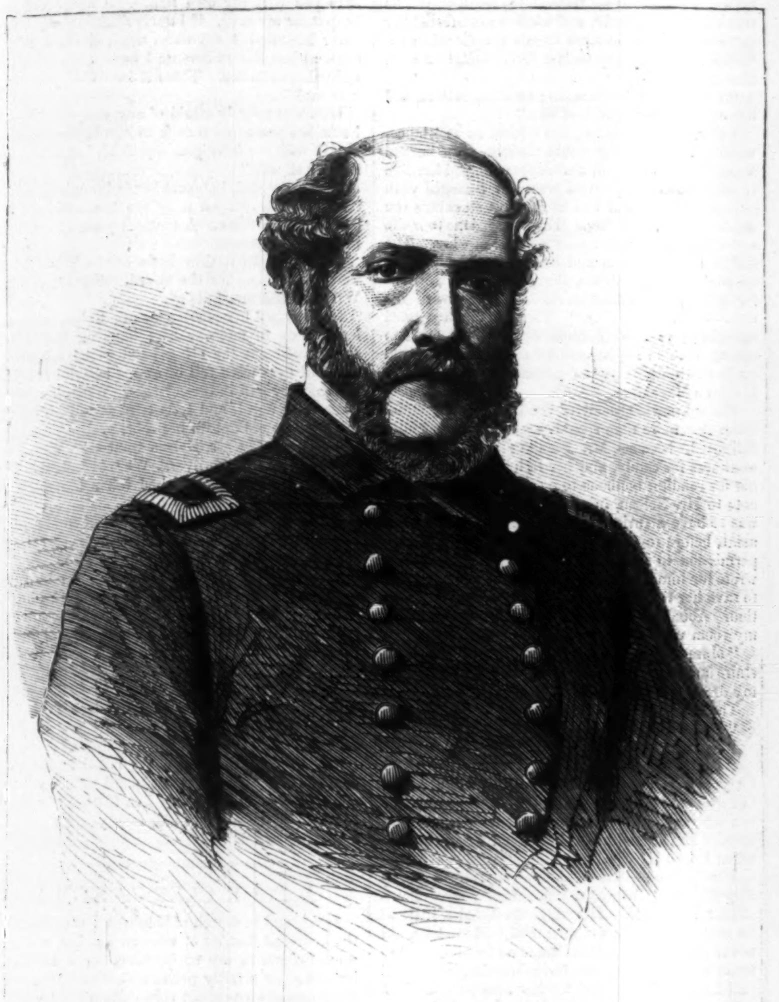
"I've had more blessings all my life than I ever deserved," said good Mrs. Bacon, with such a pleasant light in her motherly eyes, that I think, had you been there to see, you must have kissed her at the risk of flouring your face—some ladies do that less pleasantly. She kept her word. Lucy never went without dinner any more.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND SWINGING AROUND KENESAW MOUNTAIN.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]

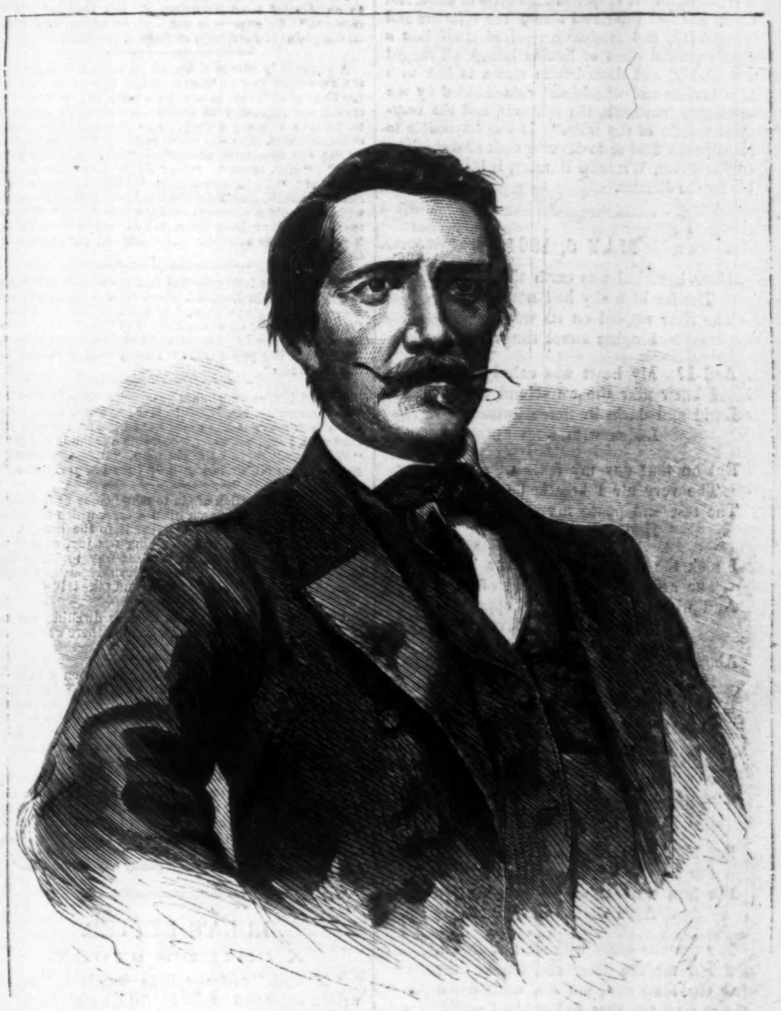


GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE REBEL CHARGE ON OUR RIGHT, NEAR MARIETTA, June 22, 1864.—Sketched by Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]



CAPTAIN JOHN A. WINSLOW, OF THE "KEARSARGE."

[Photographed by Black, Boston.]



THE PIRATE RAPHAEL SEMMES.

[Photographed in 1863 by A. Dupertz, Kingston, Jamaica.]

GENERAL SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

On page 476 we give two sketches illustrating Sherman's movements to the right of Kenesaw Mountain. One of these, representing the Rebel Charge on our Right near Marietta, relates to the battle of Culp's Farm, four miles west of Marietta, June 22. Schofield held the extreme right; on his left, Hooker commanded the Marietta Road; Howard held the centre: and Palmer and M'Pherson extended the Federal lines to Brush Mountain, on the railroad. Nearly all day the rebels engaged Howard, to divert attention from the right, where they were massing troops on the Marietta Road against Hooker. A furious attack was made at this point at five p.m. The following troops were engaged: Williams's division on the right, Geary's in the centre, and Butterfield's on the left: General Knipe's and Ruger's brigades formed a second line on the right. An attempt was made to flank Hooker's right, but this was prevented by the Fourteenth Kentucky, from Schofield's corps. Soon Schofield's main body pressed up, and the rebels were driven in great disorder.

The other cut shows the Army of the Cumberland swinging around the Kenesaw Mountain on the right, in order to flank the position.

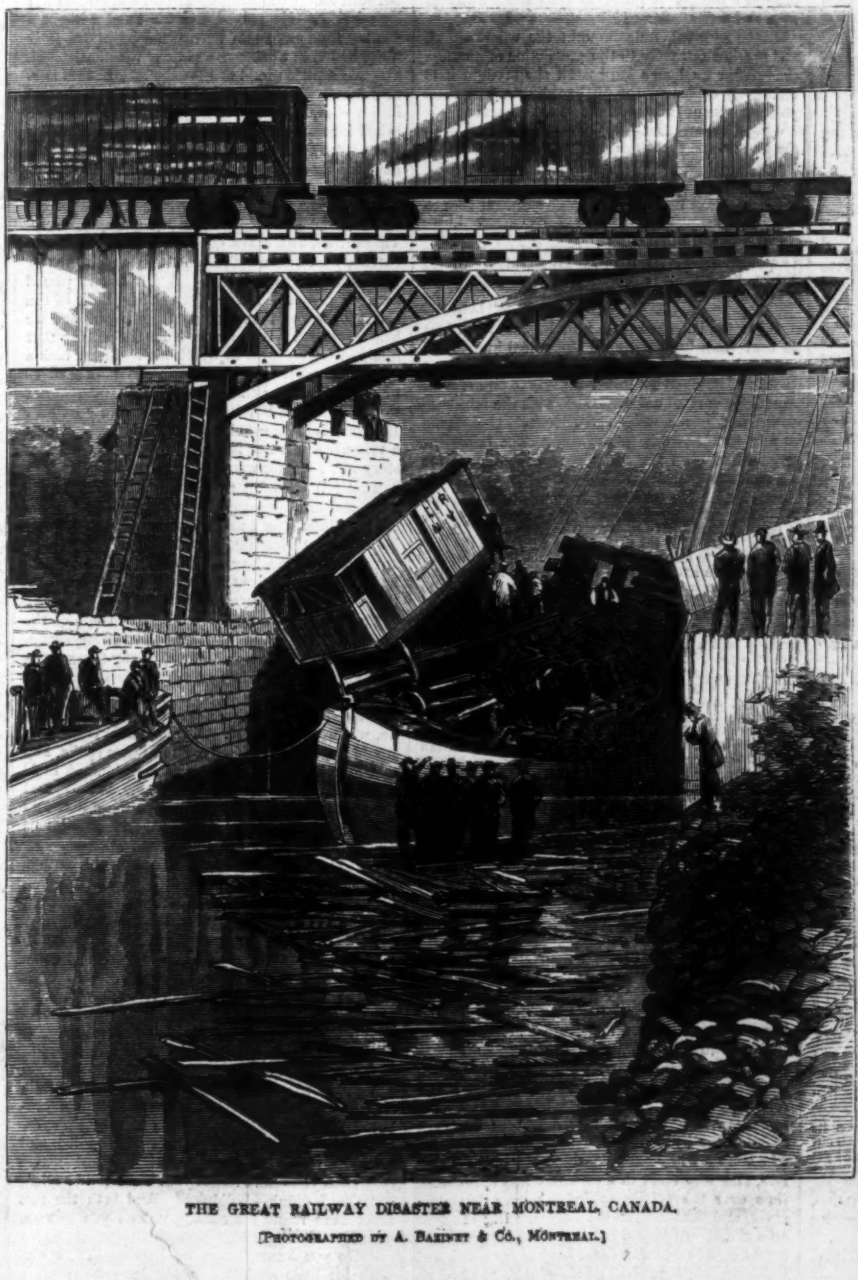
The Kenesaw Mountain has two elevations, one about 900 and the other 800 feet high. The base of the mountain extends about four miles from east to west.

CAPTAIN WINSLOW AND THE PIRATE SEMMES.

On this page we give the portraits of Captain John A. Winslow, of the *Kearsarge*, and of Captain Raphael Semmes, late of the *Alabama*. The portrait of the latter is from a photograph taken by A. Dupertz, in Jamaica, January, 1863.

Captain Winslow was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, in 1811. His father was a Northerner, descended from the old Plymouth stock of Winslows; his mother was a Southerner. He was educated at Dedham, Massachusetts, and entered the navy as midshipman at the age of fourteen. Daniel Webster secured for him this position. His family reside at Roxbury, near Boston. He was placed in command of the *Kearsarge* as soon as that vessel arrived off the European coast. Before his conflict with the *Alabama* he had some apprehensions, and repeatedly advised the Naval Department to increase the force off Cherbourg, but said he would do the best he could. Upon the receipt of a vote of thanks from Congress he will be made a Commodore.

Captain Raphael Semmes, formerly an officer of our navy, was, early in the war, appointed by the rebel Government to take command of the *Sumter*, which ran out of New Orleans in July, 1861. This vessel, after burning several prizes, reached Cadiz the following February. Here she was blockaded by the *Tuscarora*, until Semmes, despairing of escape, sold her. When the *Alabama* had managed to escape from England Semmes became her captain. He held this position nearly two years, capturing and burning American vessels, until at last, blocked in at Cherbourg, as the *Sumter* had been at Cadiz, the *Alabama* came out and fought the *Kearsarge* and was sunk.



THE GREAT RAILWAY DISASTER NEAR MONTREAL, CANADA.

[Photographed by A. Bazinet & Co., Montreal.]

THE TERRIBLE RAILWAY DISASTER IN CANADA.

It is not often that we have to record a disaster more affecting than that which happened to the German emigrant train on the Grand Trunk Railway in Canada at the end of June, and which is illustrated on this page, from a photograph sent us by A. Bazinet & Co., of Montreal. The accident happened near Montreal, at Belaeil Bridge. The passengers consisted mostly of emigrants from Bohemia, Poland, Saxony, Sweden, and Norway, five hundred and thirty souls in all, who had just arrived from Hamburg in the *Neckar*, which sailed from that port May 18. Some of them intended to settle in Upper Canada, and others in the United States. They presented a very respectable appearance; for the most part they were grouped in families, there being but few single men in the company; and generally they appeared to be well provided with means. Fortunately eighty were compelled to remain behind at Quebec, because they had *not* means. Altogether, there were eight hundred and thirty-five that took the train from Point Levi. It was a night-train, and the night was clear and pleasant. When the train reached the bridge, at 1.15 a.m., the draw was open to allow some barges to pass through to Lake Champlain. The usual red danger-light was burning, and could be seen at a distance of 540 yards. The signal was not regarded, and the train rushed on, falling into the river 40 feet, car after car, on the deck of one of the barges. First came the locomotive, sinking the barge, then the tender, capsizing upon the locomotive, followed by the baggage-car, which fell flat into the draw. Above all these, in the most utter confusion, came the passenger-cars. Only one of these was fitted with seats, and was curiously delivered on top of the barge's deck, having pretty effectually shaken up its inmates. The other cars were piled one above another, crushed into an indiscriminate mass of splinters and iron; the car-wheels, the bundles of the passengers, and their bruised bodies, were not huddled together, but mixed up, confused with one another. One hundred were wounded and ninety were killed. The removal of the débris, says the Montreal *Gazette*, "revealed a horrible sight. A shapeless blue mass of heads and hands and feet protruded among the splinters and frame-work, and gradually resolved itself into a closely-packed mass of human beings, all ragged and bloody, and dented from crown to foot with blue bruises and wheels and cuts inflicted by the ponderous iron-work, the splinters, and the enormous weight of the train." It was impossible to identify the dead or to discover their names. The engine-driver, **William Barney**, is held responsible for the disaster.

MAY 6, 1864.

How beautiful was earth that day!
The far blue sky had not a cloud;
The river rippled on its way,
Singing sweet songs aloud.

And I? My heart was calmly blest.
I knew afar the war-cloud rolled
Lurid and dark, in fierce unrest,
Laden with woes untold.

But on that day my fears were stilled;
The very air I breathed was joy;
The rest and peace my soul that filled
Had nothing of alloy.

I took the flower he loved the best—
The arbutus—fairest child of May—
And with its perfume half oppressed,
Twined many a lovely spray

About his picture on the wall;
His eyes were on me all the while,
And when I had arranged them all,
I thought he seemed to smile.

O Christ, be pitiful! That hour
Saw him fall bleeding on the sod;
And while I toyed with wreath and flower
His soul went up to God!

For him one pang—and then a crown;
For him the laurels heroes wear;
For him a name whose long renown
Ages shall onward bear.

For me the cross without the crown,
For me the drear and lonely life;
O God! *my* sun, not *his*, went down
On that red field of strife.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Proverbial Philosophy.—There is no place like Home. Fallacious. If your home be in a row of houses it is probable that the homes of your neighbors will be very like yours.

"Where a woman," says Mrs. Partington, "has been married with a congealing heart, and one that beats desponding to her own, she will never want to enter the maritime state again."

"You look as if you were beside yourself," said a wag to a fellow who stood by a donkey.

"I am a broken man," said a poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

One evening the late Bishop of London was to have dined with a party where Sydney Smith was a guest. Just before dinner a note arrived, saying that he was unable to keep his engagement, a dog having rushed out from the crowd and bitten him in the leg. When this note was read aloud to the company, Sydney Smith's comment was, "I should like to hear the dog's account of the story."

"My dear doctor," said an Irishman, "it's no use your giving me an emetic; I tried it twice, and it would not stay on my stomach five minutes."

"How do you define 'black as your hat?'" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be 'felt,'" replied the youthful wit.

A thief, who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the plea that he only went to take tea.

In a French translation of Shakespeare, the passage—"Frailty, thy name is woman," is translated, "Mademoiselle Frailty is the name of the lady!"

One person asked another if he believed in the appearance of spirits? "No!" was the reply; "but I believe in their disappearance. I have missed a bottle of brandy since last night."

What is that which destroys a town and makes a martyr?—Canonization.

Some time since a man in Maine wanted to exhibit an Egyptian mummy, and went to the court-house for a license. "What is it?" asked the judge. "An Egyptian mummy, may it please the Court, more than three thousand years old," said the showman. "Three thousand years old!" exclaimed the judge, jumping to his feet, "and is the critter alive?"

Mrs. Partington says she can't perceive why people nowadays are continually getting up so many new spangled notions. Digby, who was present, wished to know to what she particularly alluded. The old lady laid down the newspaper she was reading, and gravely replied: "Why, la! I see they have got to making 'trout preserves,' jest as though people didn't have enough things to make preserves without making 'em of fish."

Faith and Honey.—Why is faith like honey?—Because it consists of *bee-leavings*.

"I say, Sambo, can you answer dis conunderfum? Suppose I gib you a bottle of whisky corked—shut wid a cork—how would you get de whisky out without pullin' de cork or breaking de bottle?" "I gibs dat up." "Why push de cork in—yah! yah!"

A Question for Mr. Gough.—May a "reformed drunkard" be designated "a man convinced against his *swill*?"

A clear stream reflects all objects that are upon its shore, but is unsullied by them. So it should be with our hearts—they should show the effect of all objects, and yet remain unharmed by any.

A writer, dwelling upon the importance of small things, says that he always takes "note even of a straw"—especially if there's a sherry cobbler at the end of it.

The lady whose "peace of mind" was broken intends to have it repaired.

An enterprising but ignorant South American has sent to an Albany locomotive-shop for one hundred "cow-catchers." He expects to use them in taking wild cattle on the plains of Paraguay, in place of the lasso.

A young lady who is a zealous canvasser in support of the Free Presbyterian Church, called upon a poor man in the links of Kirkaldy to solicit his mite, and, after in vain trying her ingenuity to find some means by which he might save a penny a week, to be given for the support of the minister, who was about to be driven from his kirk by the vile Erastians, she asked, "Do you shave yourself?" "Nae, mem." "How much does your shaving cost you?" "Tippence a week." "Could you not learn to shave yourself, and then you would save the two-pence, which you might give to the sustentation fund?" "'Deed, mem, I'm ower auld to learn, but I'll tell ye what I'll do: if your minister will come and shave me, I'll gie him the tippence."

A convict was lately tracked into the service of a young married couple in England, where he was officiating as a very pretty lady's maid, and had been doing all the duties of his rôle for three months. The horror of the young married lady, and still more of the husband, may be imagined, when the police said: "That young woman is the man we want."

A physician, passing by a stone-mason's shop, bawled out, "Good-morning, Mr. D——! Hard at work, I see. You finish your grave-stones as far as 'In the memory of,' and then wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?" "Why, yes," replied the old man, "unless somebody's sick, and *you* are doctoring him; then I *keep right on*."

Tom bought a gallon of gin to take home; and, by way of a label, wrote his name upon a card, which happened to be the seven of clubs, and tied it to the handle. A friend coming along, and observing the jug, quietly remarked: "That's an awful careless way to leave that liquor!" "Why?" said Tom. "Because somebody might come along with the *eight* of clubs and take it!"

A man said the only reason why his dwelling was not blown away in a late storm was, because there was a *heavy mortgage* on it.

A celebrated quack, while holding forth on a stage of Chelmsford, in order to promote the sale of his medicine, told the people that he came there for their good, and not for want. And then addressing his Merry Andrew, "Andrew," said he, "do we come here *for want*?" "No faith, Sir," replied Andrew, "we have enough of that at home."

"We don't sell spirits," said a law-evading beer-seller; "we will give you a glass; and then, if you want a biscuit, we'll sell it to you for three ha'pence." The "good creature" was handed down, a stiff glass swallowed, and the landlord handed his customer a biscuit. "Well, no, I think not," said the customer; "you sell 'em too dear. I can get five or six of 'em for a penny any where else."

LULA'S LETTER.

A CHILD'S STORY.

"Mamma," said my little daughter, "may I write a letter to a soldier? All the girls have."

"Write a letter to a soldier, my child?"

"Yes, mamma. Maggie and Mary have written theirs and put them in the comfort bags, and we think the soldiers will be so pleased to find a letter. We sewed all yesterday afternoon, and Maggie's mother is going to send them away as soon as I write. May I?"

Leave granted, Lula brought the wherewithal, and sat down gravely to the production of an epistle. After an hour's hard work she brought it to me, nicely copied for the final reading. The composition was unassisted, and ran as follows:

"Dear Soldier,—We have all been making things for the soldiers, and I send this comfort bag to you. I hope it will be very useful. How queer it must look to see a man sewing; but I suppose it must be done when there are no women. I think it is very good of you to fight for the country, and I love you very much for it. It must be dreadful to get wounded so far away from home. I hope God will take care of you, and bring you safe home to your friends. I must stop now. Please answer this letter, for I want to know who gets the bag. My papa is Mr. George Nelson, Brooklyn, New York. You must direct to his care. Your affectionate little friend,

"Lula."

After the bags had gone Lula became impatient to hear from her soldier, as she called him. But many a long week went by, and the child had ceased to talk of it, when her father came in to dinner with the long-expected document. I, with the faithlessness of middle-age, was surprised that it should come at all; but Lula was in ecstasies. The impatient fingers tore open the envelope, and coming to me we read it together:

"My dear little Friend"—thus the letter began—"I have just finished your sweet note, and as you ask for a reply you shall have it at length. Accept my thanks for your gift. Bless the little fingers that made the bag, bless the warm heart that felt for the soldier and wished to write him a letter. It was the first one I had received for sixteen months. My dear little sister Letitia used to send me a packet every week. She was my only correspondent, and when she died I thought I had lost every thing. But I had my father. He was captain of the company in which I was, and am, a private. We were together a year; and then, little one, in the battle of Cedar Mountain, I saw him fall. I could not go to him. The thought of him lying behind me made me fight like a fiend. After the battle ended, and the noise of the guns, the trampling of horses, the rattle of artillery had died away, the night became as still as it is in the country after the cows are milked and the crickets begin their sad cry. Then I could look for my father. I found him at last. Near the place where he fell grew an old pine-tree, torn by shells, but a few plumy branches yet left. At its foot I dug a grave with my bayonet. There I left him sleeping his long sleep, with the sod of Virginia over him. Forgive me for writing you so dismal a story. I could not help it; for since that awful night I have not spoken of what occurred, and I have been longing to tell somebody. So you see what your note has done to comfort me. I am now going to mend my stockings with the help of the 'comfort bag.' The holes I have to sew up would make you open your eyes. I hope your father will allow you to write to me again. I inclose an envelope addressed, that you can use when you wish to do another kind action. I have the honor to be

"Very respectfully yours,
"Daniel P. Fleming."

Lula wrote a longer letter next time, telling of her papa, and mamma, and brother Johnnie; how she went to school where there was a funny master, who pretended to be cross, and was not; how she, aiding her playmates, bought for him a fine ruler as a present, and placed it, with a note, on his table on April-Fool's Day. Even about her Java sparrow the little pen discoursed, her dear J. S., who wore a white standing-collar like old Mr. Waters, and who slept in a basket. She spent some time over the epistle, spilled ink over the table-cover, and double-dyed her fingers. But she sent off a cheery letter, and not a word of mine discouraged her. In due time Mr. Fleming answered, and the correspondence went on all winter. I liked his letters very much; as well as Lula did, which is saying a great deal for them. He remembered he was writing to a child, and while he interested her our feelings were excited by his simple relations. When Christmas approached Lula wished to send him a box.

"I think I ought, mamma; he is my soldier, and has nobody else to think of him."

I gave her permission, but offered no assistance, wishing to see how she would manage. She begged a soap-box of the cook, and Johnnie helped her line it with paper. Grandma was now besieged with requests for a pair or two of the blue stockings she was constantly knitting. They begged me to make a plum-cake, and papa gave a bottle of wine. The children bought nuts and candy; and Lula, after an anxious talk with me, sent, as her own particular gift, pocket-handkerchiefs marked with his name—"D. P. Fleming." Papa having suggested something to read, Johnnie brought his favorite books, Arabian Nights and Pilgrim's Progress, and could with difficulty be persuaded to substitute Harper's Magazines.

The acknowledgment of the box was a grateful letter that more than repaid us. Lula was specially delighted, because Mr. Fleming confessed to a weakness for candy, and her father had laughed at her for sending bonbons to a soldier. There was a note to Mr. Nelson, in which Mr. Fleming said he was to have a furlough, with the rest of the regiment, before re-enlisting for the war. He begged permission to see Lula. Mr. Nelson immediately wrote for him to come. But we did not tell Lula, to save her the excitement and fretting of expectation. About two weeks afterward I was reading in my room when Lula flew in.

"Mamma," said she, "there is a soldier down stairs asking for you!" And she hid her face in my dress and began to tremble.

The servant brought in his card.

"Don't you wish to see Mr. Fleming, Lula?"

"No, no!" she sobbed.

"I am going down, and will send Margaret up for you. You may be disappointed in him, Lula; but remember, he is fighting our battles for us; he is a soldier, and as such deserves comfort and kindness. Expect nothing, but come down quietly when I send for you."

I owned to a little trepidation myself: a glance dispelled it. He was a tall, robust young man—almost handsome. His voice trembled a little as he responded to my welcome, and told me he could never tell all our goodness had done for him. Lula's letter came when he felt forsaken—desperate—and saved him. His regard for her seemed a kind of reverence. While he was talking I saw Lula peeping in at the other end of the drawing-room, and I called her. At that name he rose, dropped the cap he held, and went forward to meet her. She was blushing like a peony—an old-fashioned red one—but smiling, and looking up at him from under her long lashes. He offered her his hand without a word. Lula gave him hers, when he kissed it as if she had been a princess and he of the blood-royal. She was a little afraid of him at first; but all shyness wore off when Johnnie came home, and went into a complete state of admiration. Mr. Nelson asked him to stay with us during his leave, and I was afterward very glad he did so, for that week gave me thorough knowledge of him, and when he left us I loved him as if he had been one of mine.

For a long time after Mr. Fleming's departure Johnnie and Lula played army plays exclusively. They drilled with canes, got up camp suppers, fought battles, were taken by guerrillas—embodiments of the stories of their friend. A few letters passed between us, for I now undertook the bulk of the correspondence; then the campaign began, and we heard nothing. I was sure, from the silence that followed Gettysburg, in which his regiment took a prominent part, that something had happened to him. Mr. Nelson vainly inquired. He was thought to be a prisoner, but it was not positively known. Lula and Johnnie could not realize our fears. To be a prisoner was a fine thing in their eyes. What a story Mr. Fleming would have to tell them!

That fall we went to Baltimore to visit an old aunt, and in the course of our stay we went to see the hospitals. As I never lost any chance of hearing of the lost Fleming, I told his story to the pleasant young nurse who walked about with us. She had been to the front, in the very first rank of those who went to care for the wounded.

There was a Captain Fleming ill in one of the wards, dying of the wounds received at Gettysburg. She did not know his first name, or any thing about him, except that he had no friends to whom news of his condition could be sent. I asked her to point him out, for a misgiving seized me. Surely it was he, white and changed. I drew back, fearing he would see me too suddenly. The nurse spoke, and told him some one had come to see him. A little color flashed into his face as I came forward, and the poor fellow turned his face into the pillow and sobbed. I cried too. "Why didn't you let us know where you were?" I asked at last.

"I did," said he; "but my letters had been unanswered for so long that I thought perhaps you had done enough for me, so I wrote no more. Isn't Lula here?"

"You shall see her to-morrow. When you are a little stronger, and can be moved, you must come to us. We will nurse you well again."

"I shall soon be well enough to be moved," said he, with a melancholy significance, "but not to your house, dear lady. Do you think Lula will know me? I hope she will not be afraid again. You will bring her to-morrow?"

I promised—and the next day we came. Lula knew he was very ill, but she was not quite prepared for the white face, the great black eyes, with their eager, intense glance. He smiled, and motioned her to come near him.

"Then you didn't forget your soldier after all."

"Oh, I didn't—I didn't!" And both the soft arms went round his neck. "Can't you get up, poor Mr. Fleming?"

"Do you know," said he, holding her to him with his little strength, "they have made me a captain, and given me a sword? Lula, I must give it to you with my own hands. I know you will keep it for my sake. If I never disgraced my office, never hesitated in my duty, never doubted in the cause at last, it was because I knew Lula loved me and believed in me. There it is. Will you bring it to me?"

Lula was greatly afraid of any weapon, I knew. I saw her pause and turn from him to the sword.

"It will not hurt you, my child," said I. "It is in its sheath."

So the dimpled, inexpert hands brought it to the bedside. He grasped it by the hilt, and held her hand with his there. A moment passed in silence. I thought he prayed.

"Now good-by, dear little one! When I get well I will come for the sword. Keep it for me. Will you kiss me, Lula?"

She stooped her pouting mouth to his, and then looking up to me, one arm hugging the fearful sword, held out the other hand to be led away. The soft eyes were full of awe. She did not cry, but sat very still in the carriage. When her father came in at night, and Lula tried to tell him every thing, she could not for her sobs.

The next day Mr. Nelson went with me to the hospital; but all was over. We told Lula that Mr. Fleming was well. God had taken him home to his mother and father.

A few days after my husband went to Washington and succeeded in seeing Fleming's colonel, who spoke of our soldier in unqualified praise.

"I gave him a sword," said he, "for he saved my life once that day. His bravery won him his shoulder-straps and—a grave. Proud fellow! he lay suffering in Baltimore, and would not let me know. I would have given all I own to have found him."

When we were once more at home her father hung the sword on the wall of Lula's room.

"My little girl must remember," said he, turning and seeing the tears running down her cheeks, "that Captain Fleming never failed in his duty, died in doing it. She must guard purely what he won bravely. A child may live the life of a soldier in its highest sense. Lula, may yours never dishonor the sword!"

A POOR CLERK'S STORY.

Poor, and in search of lodgings, I wandered into the humblest district of western London, and after some failures in my applications for a lodging, I lighted upon a fairly presentable house in a shambling sort of terrace, not very distant from the principal thoroughfare of that section of the town. I was admitted—after repeated knocks, and just as my patience was becoming exhausted—by an old woman of about sixty-five, though it is possible that she might have been prematurely aged by want and illness. When I inquired of the portress the terms of the lodgings, the poor old creature, who was shaking in voice and body from a sort of palsy, stammered out that she would call her daughter to answer my questions, but "would I please step inside a moment." I complied, and waited on the ragged mat in the dingy passage while the old woman hobbled and jerked herself down the stairs to the kitchen. I knew when she arrived at the door, for a dull sound of voices, which I had noticed upon entering, suddenly expanded into a confused roar, in which I detected both male and female laughter. The occupants of the kitchen, who were evidently carousing (though it was but three o'clock in the afternoon), seemed to me to greet the old woman with shouts of derision. Something hard was flung at her at her entrance, I am sure, for I heard her cry out in her quaky treble, and the missile, whatever it was, rolling upon the wooden floor. A great laugh was raised at this sally, after which I recognized the trembling old tones, declaring, I presume, the mission which had so unseasonably interrupted the mirth of the kitchen. There was a lull directly; and I shortly afterward heard a younger and lighter step ascending the staircase, and my landlady stood before me. She was a bold, sluttish-looking woman of about thirty, with a face which, though not positively ill-looking, was of a low stamp, and certainly unattractive. She instantly assumed a smirk and courtesy to the prospective lodger; but I perceived a trifling thickness of utterance, and a peculiar lack of lustre in her eyes, which were the outward and visible signs of excess. She excused herself for not waiting upon me immediately; but "it was all along of that stupid old woman-servant which she kept out of charity, tho', Heavin knew, she did nothing for the use of the house in return for all the eatin' and drinkin' which was provided," and so on. Abusing the wretched old woman, and denying in every word the fact that it was her mother of whom she spoke so evilly, the landlady preceded me to the "drawing-room floor," and threw open the door with a conscious pride. They were very inferior lodgings. I believe at any other time I should have incontinently left the spot; but something prompted me, and I agreed to lodge there for a month. I had become interested in spite of myself, and I was determined to know something more about my shaky old friend.

I had agreed upon taking the lodgings from the first of December till the New-Year's Day following; and on beginning my reign in my new quarters, I found the wisdom of hiring apartments of this sort weekly, a plan I ever adopted afterward. Nothing *could* have been more completely inconvenient as far as accommodation and attendance were concerned, and yet I staid, for I had already found an interest in the place. The shaky old woman was the servant-of-all-work, the factotum, the fag of the lodgings. Often I have myself relieved her of the breakfast-tray, when the cup and saucer and butter-boat and tea-pot have been trembling responsively, and the egg designed for my humble repast has been divorced from its cup and has been rolling wildly from side to side, like a barrel on deck in a storm. She cleaned the boots, she swept the stairs, answered the bell, fetched the beer (no sinecure), and performed, in short, every menial office, while her shameless daughter and recreant son-in-law ate, drank (and were drunk), and slept at ease, with all household burdens, save that light one of receiving the lodger's money, shifted from their young shoulders to her crazy care. After a due amount of patience on my part, I ventured to inquire of the old handmaid as to the *ménage* of the slipshod household.

"Why do *you* do all the work?" I said kindly to her one morning, after I had extricated my breakfast (at the expense of the egg) from entire dissolution at her hands. "It is too much for you."

To my surprise the poor old woman sat down on a chair and burst into tears. I was not a little astonished, but held my tongue till she had somewhat recovered, when I again remarked, "I'm afraid this is too much for you, day after day."

The old creature rose suddenly, and tottered to the door. "I humbly pray your pardon, Sir," she stammered. "I forgot myself. I've not been well lately, Sir, and the children have—"

"Stay," I said. "Shut the door, and tell me all about it. I am anxious to know all about *you*, and if I can do any thing—"

"Oh no, dear Sir," cried the poor old wretch, trembling with fear, in addition to her usual palsy. "Don't notice me, Sir, if you please; pray don't. If they were to know that I had been crying, or talking to you, they'd—" Here she paused, and looked nervously at the door.

"What would they do?" I asked.

"They'd beat me, Sir. *She* often does, if I forget any thing; and *he*, oh! he's awful—swearing, and flinging pewter pots at me. I was ill once for weeks from a blow he gave me."

"Why on earth do they ill-treat you?" I asked. "You do all the work, while they idle. There must be some other reason."

"Sir," said the old woman, with some pride in her voice—cracked, jerky, and feeble as it was—"I was once worth more than a thousand pounds—I mean when my husband died, and before *she* was married. I set them up, but they robbed me of all my money; and they know it, and keep me here, and hate and ill-treat me in consequence."

"Why do you stay?" I asked; but a moment after I was conscious of the folly of my question, as the old woman answered—

"Where could I go to, Sir?"

The simplicity and despair in this response convincing me that I should do no good by personally interfering in the domestic misunderstandings, I refrained from further questioning, and waited for some issue to this course of ill-treatment, when I might, though an outsider, be justified in stepping in as a check. It soon came. In the Christmas week the poor old mother took to her bed, thoroughly conquered by the hard weather and the increasing work. Every day I heard angry voices and curses through the thin wainscoting which separated my bedroom from the wretched old creature's sleeping den. A feeble squeaking was all that rough usage, neglect, or execration elicited. My blood used to blaze within me at the cowardice and the low triumph of that drunken and disreputable pair, who junketed while their mother was gasping for breath, or calling for common assistance. I did once forget my position, and attempted to expostulate with the daughter, my landlady, who came into my room, attended by a rumpled-haired child with a dirty face (which was a pretty likeness of her mother's), on the morning of the twenty-fourth of December.

Bedizened was the landlady and ribboned all over. Evidently she was bound upon a merry-making with friends that Christmas-eve; and I was so struck with the heartlessness of a daughter (who owed her fortunes, such as they were, to the poor woman starving and neglected in the next room) leaving a parent, dying perhaps, in the care of only a child of five years old, that I mildly reflected upon the remarks which the neighbors might make on the occasion. I was speedily silenced by that indescribable manner which a low-bred woman always can assume to those whom she considers as interfering in her concerns; and on her departure, her husband, his eyes still dazed and lustreless from last night's excess, merely put his head inside my door and gave me a look; but that glance decided me against interfering any further. I was doomed to a cheerless Christmas-eve—alone, in a wretched lodging, with no other occupants than a bedridden old woman and a miserable child. I had taken a rather more expensive dinner than usual that evening, in honor of the day; and when I returned, finding my fire rather low, I called out to the little child, who was, I supposed, in her granny's room, to come and show me where the coal-cellar was. A shrill "Yes, Sir," answered me, and I waited for my little guide. She was a long time coming; and I was getting wearied and cold, when I heard a strange hobbling outside my door, and, to my horror and amazement, the old mother staggered in with a coal-scuttle in her hand, the little child grasping her thin dress tightly and smiling the while.

"Gracious Heavens!" I gasped; "how's this? Why are you here? Whatever induced you to get up to do this? I would have gone without fire a hundred times rather than you should have run this risk."

The old woman smiled, as I seized the coal-scuttle out of her palsied hands. "It's nothing, Sir—nothing. I'd do it for *you*, Sir—for *you;* but not for them—no, not for them. God bless you, Sir! Good-night, and a merry Christmas to you. Come, Nancy, darling!"

"For God's sake!" I cried, "go back to bed; you'll kill yourself in this bitter cold. Go back, I beseech you."

"I'm going, Sir," said the shivering creature; "but are you sure you want nothing fetched, or any thing?"

"In Heaven's name, no!" I cried again. "*Do* go back to bed; you'll kill yourself."

"No," muttered the poor old wretch, as I watched her retreating to her den. "*I* shall not have killed *myself*." And so murmuring she hobbled out of sight.

My terrors were increasing. I poked the fire, but could get no addition to my spirits by watching the friendly blaze. At last, worn out, and at a late hour, I determined upon going to bed, and trying to overcome the sad forebodings which had seized upon me by sleep. I lay long time awake, but at length I went off into a deep slumber. How long I remained unconscious I do not know; but troublesome dreams affected my sleep, increasing in horror till they culminated in my starting up in my bed with a loud cry ringing in my ears. Believing it to be the effect of a disordered fancy, I was preparing to sleep again, when my blood ran icily through my veins at a repetition of the former cry. It was a child's voice. Yes; and in the next room. I listened, and heard a struggling, and then the pattering of naked feet upon the boarding of the adjacent chamber. I was frozen with fear. Suddenly I heard the child cry out in a panic of fear, "Granny, granny, don't! Send it away! send it away! Go away! I don't know you; you are so ugly. Go away!" And a struggle again. This time the child's voice was raised almost to a shriek. "Go away! go away! Who are you? Let granny alone. Oh, mother, mother, come back; come back to granny." And a moment after the little naked feet went pattering down and up the stairs, while the child moaned piteously, "Oh, mother, mother, come back!" Mastering my fears as well as I could, I leaped out of bed, huddled on some clothes, and cautiously opened my bedroom door. It was pitch dark outside; but I could hear the child, still moaning, descending the kitchen stairs. Feeling my way to the old woman's room, I reached the door and paused a moment to listen. There was silence over the house, save when the wailing of the little girl could be indistinctly heard below. Carefully pushing the door open, I entered, and nearly shrieked aloud at the sight which met my eyes. Crumpled up in bed, with face and knees together, sat the old woman. Her eyes were widely staring, her hands grasping the wretched quilt, her jaw dropped, her face the color of stone, and as inflexible. She was dead!

Taking a hasty inspection of the miserable room, to insure that no one was concealed there, and that there had been no foul play, I carefully and shudderingly retired, and had just lighted my candle in my room when I heard the child ascending the stairs again. I called to her by name, and she ran, sobbing, to me, speechless from horror. As soon as I could obtain an answer from her I asked her what she had seen? "Was it a man?"

"No, no; it wasn't a man, nor a woman. She didn't know what it was; but it was so dreadful, so ugly. Oh, poor granny, poor granny!"

This was all I could learn from her. I put her into my bed, and, leaving the candle lighted, went out of the house and walked about the streets till daylight. The carousers had returned, and knew the worst then. They were sobered after this shock; and were civil to me, and thanked me for the care I had taken of the child, whom, however, they studiously kept away from me. The old woman was decently buried; and on New-Year's Day I left my lodgings. I shall never forget that night so long as I live. But *what was it that the child saw?*

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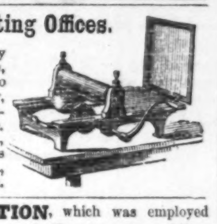

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